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The Children.

God bless our darling children,
That go to school to-day!
God guide the little feet that tread
The future's devious way,
And keep them scathless till they come
To man or womanhood;
For in their hands the nation lies
For evil or for good

As is the husband, so the wife;
The mother, so the child;
Each makes for each a future life
That shall be undefiled,
Or stained and blurred. The doctrine true
Will serve a general rule:
We mold our fate at youth's bright gate
And shape it at the school.

A Christmas Carol.

All this night shrill chanticleer,
Day's proclaiming trumpeter,
Claps his wings and loudly cries,
Mortals, mortals, wake and rise,
See a wonder,
Heaven is under;
From the earth is risen a Sun
Shines all night, though day be done.

Wake, oh, earth! wake everything,
Wake and bear the joy I bring;
Wake and joy for all this night,
Heaven and every twinkling light;
All amazing
Still stand gazing:
Angels, powers, and all that be,
Wake and joy this Sun to see.

Hail, oh, Sun! Oh, blessed Light,
Sent unto the world by night,
Let Thy rays and heavenly powers
Shine in this dark soul of ours;
For most surely
Thou art truly
God and man, we do confess:
Hail, oh, Sun of Righteousness.

A Tale of Three Yuletides;

BEING A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS REVELATIONS TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Tell you a story? I believe, little Amy, you could coax a Christmas story from even the giant Blunderbore, who, as you know, was rather a cheerless and unevil fellow. So settle yourself in my lap—don't be afraid to hug me too close—and listen.

Being by this time well aware of the exact number of watch charms in my possession, you are surely much troubled to find out why of late I carry about a many-dinted old Roman coin, in preference to a large stone mounted in gold, or a little Chinese idol, or even a gold dollar, with the whole Declaration of Independence stamped on one side. You must understand, as you are a sad little flirt, that ornaments of the latter sort are much affected by your many gentleman acquaintances. Let me account for my strange behavior. As the coin hangs from my watch chain, so by the coin hangs a tale, which runs after this fashion:

It is now some fourteen years since I was living in Rome. I was only a very young and inexperienced artist then, you know; and I didn't wear such an immense beard and whiskers as are now coquetting with your dear golden curls. And, what is more, I was not so extravagantly wealthy in those days as you suppose me to be, now that I am your Uncle Coventry and am able to daily extract a few pennies from my pocket, to be instantly converted by you into tarts at the nearest baker's shop. You will believe, then, that I was rather well pleased than otherwise when a beautiful lady, all dressed in silks and satins and blazing with jewels, rustled into my humble studio, one fine September morning. Was she a fairy princess? Oh, no; not quite. But she did there and then inquire whether I would be willing to paint a portrait of her four-year-old daughter, Bianca, which she intended as a Christmas present for the little dear's grandmother. I should have informed you that Bianca was present also, and had quickly interested herself among my brightest pictures. What sort of a little girl was she? Well, in due gallantry and with allowances for the difference of climate, I must not say that she was prettier than you or that her hair was a trifle more shining. I took her offer immediately, and it was arranged that Bianca should visit my studio three or four times a week, in company with her mother or nurse or uncle, and sit as still as a church mouse for ten minutes, which latter was a matter of dreadful vexation to her, as it would be to you also, Miss Amy. Bianca and myself became firm friends, although she would pout and and pretend to be awfully mad with me when I would insist upon her keeping a sober face for a second together, or stop tormenting the whiskers and soul of an ancient cat, who was the partner of my joys and sorrows. She was born in Venice, where most of the golden-haired, blue-eyed children of Italy come from. Her mother owned a whole village in the province of Venice, and her father, who had been a very great man at Rome, was long since dead.

One day my lovely little model, "my Bianca," as I used to call her—(don't pull my beard so hard, I verily believe you are jealous, little Amy)—one day Bianca came to my studio with her uncle, Count Luigi, whom I then beheld for the first time. He was the brother-in-law of the contessa. Was he much like me? I hope not. You shouldn't like him for an uncle at all; and I am certain Bianca did not. He was tall and dark and mysterious, and his yellow face was decorated by a pair of black, fiery eyes, that were entirely too near to be honest; likewise by a hooked nose, and a coal-black mustache, the ends of which were continually finding their way between his beautiful white teeth. Uncle Luigi seemed to me vastly like one of the ogres, magicians, or wicked knights addicted to stealing pretty maids from their castle boudoirs, of whom you have read a good deal in your books. I did not admire this gentleman from the first; and our meeting was pretty much the same as the distant acquaintance of two icebergs. I am not quite sure that Bianca's mother liked him; but she appeared to be too weak and easily managed to express her want of affection for him.

My picture progressed famously, and —(paint a picture of you? Certainly, my love. We will have it ready for your next birthday)—and when the first week of December closed I had delivered my picture to the Contessa di Cassabianca, receiving in exchange a check on a Roman bank for a most agreeable sum of money. The portrait was to be taken to Venice, and duly presented to the grandmother on Christmas day. It represented Bianca smiling, and dressed in a low-necked silk gown, with a necklace of pearls round her throat. From the necklace hung this same old Roman coin, which her papa had picked up under the walls of Rome. Some Roman, maybe Julius Cæsar, had dropped it there two thousand years ago.

The contessa had promised to pay me a farewell visit before departing for the north of Italy. The appointed day had arrived, and I had gone to the extravagance of donning an entirely new suit of clothes to receive and entertain my guests. I waited and fidgeted; but no visitors. No kind, tender contessa; no angelic Bianca; no perfidious-looking uncle appeared. When the night set in, I felt angry and disgusted, little Amy, because I thought my Venetian acquaintances had left Rome, forgetful of me. The following morning I went to the dwelling of the contessa, to discover whatever I could concerning her departure. Judge of my surprise on learning that the lady had not yet departed. I was shown into the drawing-room by a servant on whose face I detected the signs of some trouble; and I waited for the rustle of the contessa's dress in the doorway. But this was not to be. In her place came Bianca's nurse, pale and with eyes but newly-dried from weeping. Sinking into a chair, she almost sobbed to me the following words:

"Oh! Signor Pembroke, the contessa is in an agony. We were going to see you yesterday, when the contessa asked for Bianca. She had been playing on the steps but a minute before, and then it was impossible to find her. The house, the garden, the streets, all have been searched; but in vain. We cannot find my little Bianca. Some one has stolen her away. And my mistress!—she will surely die!"

Nothing beyond this could I discover from any one. Bianca had disappeared as completely and hopelessly as though the earth had opened and swallowed her. It was not proper for me to intrude my presence upon the great grief of the contessa's household. I sadly withdrew, full of anxiety for the sweet child, whom I had learned to love.

No effort was spared by the contessa and the Roman police, and apparently by Count Luigi, to recover the lost Bianca. But the attempts were utterly useless; and the mother, sick at heart, returned to her home, taking with her my picture, which cruel fate seemed to have transformed from a Christmas present to a sacred memento of an angel forever flown.

Now don't interrupt me. I have not finished yet. I am going to relate a rather odd incident that happened before the time of Bianca's disappearance. Late one night I was crossing the bridge of Sant' Angelo, which spans the Tiber. I was thinking over the finishing touches to my child picture, when I suddenly became aware of a boat passing under me. Prompted by curiosity, I leaned over the battlement of the bridge and listened. A man was standing in the boat, speaking and gesticulating to the rowers. I saw him clearly in the full moonlight, and I was almost sure that he was the Count Luigi. Only a few words could I catch from the speakers, and they were these, spoken by the rough voice of some low rascal of the Roman populace:

"*In tre settimane la bambina sara*" —— (in three weeks the little girl shall be——)

The rest of the sentence I could not hear; but the words were enough to excite a strong suspicion in my mind, when I connected them with Bianca's disappearance. Could the man have really been the Count Luigi? I dared not reveal to any one what my mind suggested—namely, that Bianca had actually been made away with by her uncle, bargained into the hands of a parcel of scoundrels. How could I prove it? What reason could I give for his committing such a crime? Moreover, he was a powerful man at Rome, and could make the place exceedingly uncomfortable for me if his anger were once raised against me. Confident that our Divine Father would in the end unravel the terrible mystery, I betook myself to my painting again. The generous contessa had not only paid me far beyond what my toil deserved, but had recommended me to the great families at Rome. I suppose I could paint tolerably well then, and my patronage increased daily.

Seven years passed on, my Amy, and your uncle had in that time become such a grand artist and earned so much money that he thought he would come over the water to his old home in New York. Accordingly, I hired my little studio down town and commenced business at once. I did not have very long to wait for patrons. A gentleman called in one October day and conversed with me about a picture he wanted painted to order for his art gallery.

"I hear you are from Rome," said he. "You must be a great painter. I want you to make me a picture of a child who has woke up on Christmas morning and found her stocking crammed with good things. And mind you, the child must be very beautiful."

"All right," said I. "Call on Monday next and I shall have my sketch ready for you."

You know artists most generally have models for such pictures. Hence I set myself to work to secure one; but I found this was a difficult job. Now, if you had been a young lady then, I should have certainly had you sit for my painting. But my model came from an entirely unexpected quarter. I had left my studio one evening, and was walking up town through an out-of-the-way street, when I heard the music of a harp and violin, just as they sound when the Italian players come under your windows to drive you crazy with their awful performances. On drawing nearer, I discovered a dark-complexioned and handsome Italian boy twanging an accompaniment on his harp to an ontlandish song, and near him a young girl airily and delicately drawing her bow across a battered fiddle. Seeing me, she stopped, approached, and, holding out her hand piteously, said:

"Oh! mister, gif a poor girl a few pennies. The padrone will be beat us if we go back without money; and we have had nothing to eat. Oh! mister, do, please!"

I was touched, and the pennies so dearly needed quickly came forth. The girl was uncommonly beautiful, I thought, for a street-waif. She had yellow hair, partly hidden in an old pink muffler, and sweet wide blue eyes, and such a nose, mouth and dimpled chin—all like yours, my love. Her face was tanned a little by the sun of many days in the pitiless streets. Her attire was a many-patched cotton dress, of no particular color; and her feet were covered by great clumsy shoes, such as our grocery boy wears. How old was she? I should say about ten or eleven, and her male escort was certainly not much older. As I stood looking at her, the thought struck me that I ought to take her as my model.

"Come here," said I to her. "Why do you live with the padrone (don't interrupt me again, miss. I will tell you shortly what a padrone is), when he beats you?"

"I have no other home," the poor girl replied. "The police would take me if I slept in the streets, and maybe shut me up forever."

"Wouldn't you like to go to a nicer home, and have plenty to eat and decent clothes, and get paid for easy work?"

"Oh! sir," she almost sobbed, as if the happiness I spoke of were too great to think of.

"Listen," I continued. "If you will leave the padrone, I will get you a comfortable place to live in, with a nice old lady to take care of you."

Unaccustomed as the child was to kindness from strangers, she clearly regarded me with doubt, and, looking at the harp-player, who was observing me with considerable interest, answered:

"But I won't leave Jiacomo. He is good to me. He gives me half his bread when I am very hungry."

"Will you come with me if Jiacomo comes?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then step this way, Jiacomo," I said to him. "How would you like to leave the padrone, and to live with people who will take care of you? You will have work to do and be well paid."

Jiacomo took off his hat, and, smilingly looking me in the face with good-natured, honest eyes, replied: "You are too good, sir. I would like to go, if she may come with me; but if the padrone ever catches us he will kill us both."

"Have no fear of the padrone," I said. "If he makes any trouble, we will have him arrested and put into prison."

This bold declaration of mine settled the matter, and I had little further trouble in persuading them to accompany me to my studio, where I intended to have them stay for the time being. They must have thought that I was the city governor, or at least a police captain. Fancy your grave and decorous Uncle Coventry marching down Broadway at nightfall, followed by a couple of delighted mountebanks. The janitor of the building in which my studio was located must have thought I had gone raving mad, and he greeted me with a look of blank surprise when I appeared at his doorway, with my extraordinary companions. "Now, then, sir," said I to him, "be spry, and run up-stairs and build a roaring fire in my grate; and then, sir, prepare a hearty supper for these famished children." The musical instruments of my two friends were deposited in one corner of my studio, and in a very short time the children were seated before such a supper as they had conceived of only in blissful dreams. I next bade the the janitor's wife provide them with comfortable beds. When I was preparing to leave, the happy children wished to kiss me; and I graciously agreed, promising them they should see me early in the morning.

Now, while they are supposed to be asleep, I shall tell you what you seem dying to know—namely, what a padrone is. He is an old curmudgeon, who receives stolen children from Italy, and makes them go out into the street to beg, or play, or steal—usually all three. And if they do not obtain money in some way, he beats them and packs them off to bed supperless. What do you think of that, little girl?

But about my street acquaintances: It was decided upon next day that Jiacomo should keep my studio in order, while his companion would sit for my Christmas picture. The pair were placed in charge of my janitor's wife, with the strictest commands that due care should be taken, lest they might again fall into the hands of the padrone. In order to make my model as happy-looking as possible, I provided her with a box of bon bons, and seated her on a beautiful rug, amidst the rare and curious little objects of my studio. Yes, I shall bring you to my studio some day; only you must promise not to put things into a too hopeless confusion. I was showing her how to pose, when, suddenly, as if some long-forgotten thought flitted across her mind, she said quickly:

"Oh! I know how to sit, sir. I had my picture taken before—many, many years ago."

"Indeed!" I replied. "How was that?"

"In—in Roma; when I was a bambina, before my mamma died. The men said she was dead. Then I came to live with the padrone. It was many days before I came here. We had to sail on the water in a ship. Oh! ever so large a ship!"

"And what is your name?" I asked.

"The padrone calls me Carmen—Carmen Tortolant."

It was the common story, I thought, of a child, an orphan, taken from Italy to a hard life in America. I could not gather any more knowledge of her earlier life from Jiacomo, who was standing by. I turned to my paper, to commence sketching her, when it occurred to me that a necklace would look pretty on little Carmen. I stepped to a cabinet, saying:

"I am going to give you a necklace, Carmen. One of bright beads."

"Oh! How nice! But, see, I have an old one. Only an ugly penny tied to a string."

She removed it from her neck. I had not noticed it before, and carelessly took it in my hand. Never was I so surprised in my life. The penny, as she called it, was actually the same coin that now hangs from my watch-chain, the same that my early friend, Bianca di Casabianca had worn.

"Where on earth did you get this?" I cried, hardly able to stand still with excitement.

"I always wore it, sir."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Carmen. But I know they used to call me Bianca when I was a baby."

"And do you recollect your mamma's name?"

"I only called her mamma, sir. I don't know that she had any other name."

"Do you, perhaps, remember the name of the artist who painted your picture?"

"I don't think I do. It was—like—Pem"—

"Pembroke, perhaps?"

"Yes! yes! Pembroke! Signor Pembroke!"

My street-waif then was none other that Bianca di Casabianca! I caught the little girl to my heart and kissed her, saying: "I am Signor Pembroke. Do you know me?"

"I think I have heard your voice long ago; but your whiskers are so great."

I asked her a few more questions, and her answers more clearly proved her to be the Bianca of my first artist days. But I could extract nothing from her to verify my suspicions of her Uncle Luigi. Although overjoyed to be the means of rescuing her from the cruelest of lives, I was now seriously troubled by the thought that Bianca's mother had, perhaps, died in the seven years that had elapsed since the beginning of my story. At any rate, I determined to write to her address in Lombardy and take the steps necessary to have Bianca returned to her family. I bade my model play to her heart's content, and rummaging in my desk for the contessa's address, I found it, and before nighfall I had dispatched a long letter to Italy.

I did not explain matters fully to Bianca, preferring to await the results of my letter to her mother. Weeks passed quickly by and my picture was on the verge of being completed. Bianca's face was losing more and more of its tan and Jiacomo had become quite a fashionable young gentleman and was showing a marvelous taste for drawing. One morning, a few days before Christmas, there was a great commotion on my stairway. I opened the door, and, as I live, there was Bianca in her mother's arms, and the pair hugging and kissing each other and crying as though they would never stop! I retreated very quickly, my Amy and your Uncle Coventry was actually weeping too. Just think of it! Coventry Pembroke, artist, in tears! And I believe there wasn't a dry eye in the whole building when all the artists knew what had transpired.

In a little while the contessa came into my studio. I kissed her hand and bore myself like a hero. Never was three people so happy.

Many explanations followed. I inquired after the health of Count Luigi—out of pure friendliness, you know.

"Luigi is in prison," said the contessa.

"Indeed!" I burst out. "I thought he would arrive there some time."

"He was convicted of being concerned in a conspiracy against the government. At the time of his trial three Roman desperadoes, who were being tried for heavy crimes in the same court, testified to a previous crime which he had hired them to perform. And you would not think what this crime was."

I had my idea, but remained silent.

"He had contracted with them," continued the contesse, "to steal Bianca from me and hide her forever from the world. My husband's will declared that, if I died childless and without marrying again, my brother-in-law, Luigi, would come into my whole fortune. Bianca being my sole hoir, the count calculated upon acquiring my wealth when he should have removed her from his path."

Here was the mystery solved at last. I straightway confessed my early opinions of the Count Luigi to the contessa, and likewise the story of the incident at the bridge of Sant' Angelo. From thoughts of the perfidy of this man, we turned to thank heaven for having thus marvelously outwitted his schemes. Had it not been for this ancient coin, whose seeming uselessness had preserved it from the greediness of Bianca's captors, a mother and daughter had died unhappy and far from each other's arms. So ends the story of the second Christmas, which hrings us up to the present.

And what became of Bianca and Jiacomo? Well, I have a letter in my desk from Bianca, who returned with her mother to Venice, informing me that the contessa had blessed her marriage engagement with Jiacomo. She inclosed the coin, saying that, as it was the cause of all her happiness, it was the dearest *souvenir* she could give me. Jiacomo went to Rome some years ago, and is rapidly turning out to be a great artist—greater even than your Uncle Coventry. I believe the contessa defrayed the expense of his preparatory education, and she is doubtless even now helping him on. And he deserves it; for he is a real genius, and has noble blood in his veins.

Now, don't ask me to detail the private history of the padrone and the desperadoes. You are positively drowsy, and I want to smoke. I think you had better go to bed, as Santa Claus has insurmountable objections to filling young people's stockings while they are yet awake.

A Curious Petition.

A correspondent who has been rummaging in the room devoted to the filing away of congressional documents, in the basement of the Capitol at Washington, says: But perhaps the most curious, if not the most important, memorial is a very large one, being in fact, three hundred and ninety-six feet long, and containing thirteen thousand five hundred signatures, wishing a congressional appropriation and the appointment of a scientific commission for the investigation of the alleged phenomena of spiritualism. The petitioners, headed by Mr. N. P. Tallmadge, of Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, urge their memorial on the following grounds, though I cannot transcribe their points in full. They say, in brief, that "they humbly beg to observe that certain physical and mental phenomena of questionable origin and mysterious import have of late occasioned in this country and engrossed a large share of public attention." These phenomena are classified as follows:

First—An occult force exhibited in sliding, raising, arresting, holding, suspending and otherwise disturbing numerous ponderable bodies, apparently in defiance of gravitation. Second—Lights of various forms and colors and of different degrees of intensity, appear in dark rooms. Third—A variety of sounds, extremely frequent in their occurrence, widely diversified in their character and more or less mysterious in their import. There is obviously a disturbance of the sensational medium of the auditory nerves, occasioned by an undulatory movement of the air, though by what means these atmospheeic undulations are produced does not appear to the satisfaction of acute observers. Fourth—All the functions of the human body and mind are often and strangely influenced by what appear to be certain abnormal states of the system, and by causes which are neither adequately defined or understood. They wish, therefore a scientific commission and appropriation.

But alas for the hopes of N. P. Tallmadge of Fon du Lac and his 396 feet of friends, we find that a gross and materialistic Senate ordered the memorial "to lie upon the table."

Words of Wisdom.

Much is written without sincerity, and more read without profit.

Tell your trials to your heart and your successes to the world.

Exemption from care is not happiness; on the contrary, a certain degree of care is essential to promote enjoyment.

If anger arises in the breast, instantly seal up the lips and let it not go forth; for, like fire, when it wants vent it will suppress itself.

True dignity abides with him alone who, in the silent hour of inward thought, can still suspect and still revere himself, in lowliness of heart.

Nothing, says Brodie, in all the world, is so good as usefulness, which gives to the individual's own character a finish and an influence which mere station cannot give, which also binds him to his fellows and them to him.

We are apt to be very pert at censuring others where we will not endure advice ourselves. And nothing shows our weakness more than to be sharp-sighted at spying other men's faults and so purblind at our own. Those have a right to censure who have a heart to help; the rest is cruelty, not justice.

Frugality is good if benevolence be joined to it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses, the last bestowing them to the benefit of those that need. The first without the last brings covetousness; the last without the first brings prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper. Happy the place where that is found.

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over; the wheel turns round but once; while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

The Trap Door Spider.

This spider, found in Jamaica, digs a burrow in the earth and lines it with a silken web. The burrow is closed by a trap door, having a hinge that permits it to be opened and closed with admirable accuracy. The door is circular, and is made of alternate layers of earth and web, and is hinged to the lining of the tube that leads to the burrow by a band of the same silken secretion. The door exactly fits the entrance to the burrow, and when closed, so precisely corresponds with the surrounding earth that it can hardly be distinguished, even when its position is known. It is a strange sight to see the earth open, a little lid raised, some hairy legs protrude, and gradually the whole form of the spider show itself.

The mode in which these spiders procure food seems to be by hunting at night, and in some cases by catching insects that are entangled in the threads that the creature spins by the side of its house.

In the day time they are very chary of opening the door of their domicile, and if the trap is raised from the outside, they run to the spot, hitch the claws of their fore feet in the silken webbing of the door, and those of the hind feet in the lining of the burrow, and so resist with all their might. The strength of the spider is wonderfully great in proportion to its size.—*Scientific American.*

How to Keep an Umbrella.

"Len' me your umbrella a minute?" Such was the exclamation of Jones, as he rushed into the office of Squire Lickshingle.

"Certainly, certainly," said the squire, laying down his newspaper; "glad to accommodate you." And he opened a drawer and began rummaging through his legal forms and blanks.

Jones darted into the corner, seized the green gingham relic, and was preparing to fly with it.

"Stop! stop! stop!" said the squire, raising his hand majestically; "not too fast, young man. Wait till I make out the necessary papers."

Jones dropped the umbrella. On his corn, of course. After pumping his lame foot up and down, and tying a hard knot in his countenance and undoing it again, he echoed:

"The necessary papers?"

"Yes," said the squire sternly, "the necessary papers!" and he continued his search among the blanks.

The right one found, he filled it out in a jiffy, and he handed it to Jones to sign.

As Jones read the paper his knees knocked together. It was a mortgage on his house and lot as security that he would return the umbrella in good order within fifteen minutes. He faltered:

"Wh—why, squire, I only want to borrow your umbrella to run across the street with. I'll fetch it back in two seconds."

The squire shoved his spectacles up over his bald spot until they formed two skylights for his intellectual roof, and looking Jones full in the face, said:

"You only want to run across the street. You'll return in two seconds. Young man, that's what they all say. I take no stock in it. Man wants but little here below, but when he wants his umbrella he wants it. I have known people in my time who have listened to the song of the siren, who came to borrow umbrellas until she had transformed them into a people without an umbrella between them and the pelting storms. I am not one of that kind. I have accumulated a fortune. Why? For the simple reason that I have not spent my substance in buying umbrellas. That umbrella which you hold in your hand is certainly not of uncommon beauty, nor is it of great value. It is simply a gingham umbrella. A green one at that. But it answers the purpose for which, etc. I have had it since I was a boy. Why! Because no man has ever taken it beyond the range of my vision without first s guing over his estate that he would return it in good condition. It may not seem neighborly, but it's business. Here is the mortgage; there is the umbrella; without beats the rain of heaven. You have your choice." And the old man resumed his newspaper.

Jones thought of his wife and babies and the pleasant home that was all his own. Then he looked at the rain that was pounding at the doors and windows as if to get in out of the wet. A glance at his new overcoat, and Jones was decided.

"I'll risk it," he said, and stepping to the desk, with measured step and slow, he clapped his name to the mortgage, and went off with the umbrella.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Who Invented the Steamboat?

Everybody who has visited the national capitol has heard of Brumidi, the fresco artist, whose work ornaments and enlivens every part of the building. One day, while Brumidi was engaged in painting a picture over the door of the Senate committee room on patents, a gentleman entered, and after looking at it for a few moments, asked:

"What is that you're painting?"

"A picture of Robert Fulton, the inventor of steam power," replied Brumidi.

"But he wasn't the inventor of steam power," retorted the stranger somewhat earnestly.

Brumidi, who occupied a platform that raised him almost to the ceiling, stopped his work, laid down his brush, and turning toward the stranger asked in his quiet way: "Didn't Fulton invent the first steamboat?"

"No, he didn't," answered the gentleman.

"Well, then, who did?"

"Why," replied the stranger, "John Fitch. He was a long way ahead of Fulton. I know that, because I've been in Fitch's workshop myself."

"Well, you're an old man," replied Brumidi, respectfully, "and I won't dispute your word. I've always thought that Fulton made the first steamboat, but if you say he didn't, it's all right. Have you got a picture of your man Fitch?"

"No, I haven't got his picture, but I've got a book that tells all about his life and his works."

"Will you send me that book?"

"Yes, I will, just as soon as I get home," answered the gentleman.

"Well, you do that, and I'll paint a picture of Fitch, too," said Brumidi. "I won't decide who made the first steamboat. You send me that book and I'll paint pictures of both the men and leave the public to decide who is entitled to the honor. I'm a painter myself and don't bother about inventors."

The stranger left, and in a few days Brumidi received a small book containing a personal sketch of Fitch and an account of his works. From this sketch the artist painted a portrait of Fitch, presenting him in his workshop engaged upon the model of a stern-wheel steamer with three paddles as motive power. Those who visit the capitol now will see a picture of Fulton looking upon his first steamer over the committee room on patents, and on the opposite of the hall is the representation of John Fitch in all his glory. As Brumidi said, the people are left to decide which of the inventors is entitled to the honor. The artist does not bother himself about the question at all.—*Washington Post.*

Satisfying the Barber.

One time there was a barber. And one day a feller he cum into the shop fur to git shafed, and he handed the barber a card which was wrot on like this way:

"For my Hair—Taller, clone, lard, bergmot, pomatum, oil, tonnick, restoratif, pitchooly, gum, beeswhacks, kerriseen and tar.

"For my Face—Cole creem, cam frice, powder, ham fat, sof sope, glissern, poltice; rooje nammel, giant cement, shoo blackn.

"For my Wiskers—Sames for the hair, only more taller.

"For my Muchtash—Do., starch, glew, morter and sodder."

When the barber he red it he was just dlited, and said to the feller: "You are the most sensible man which has ever set in this chair; yes, indeed. I never see a man of such good taste."

And then the barber shafed the feller, and tole him all the news which he cude think, and never stopt tockin, the barber didnt, while he shafed, cos he was dlited. But, jest as he got dun shafn the feller, and was getten reddy to put them things on him, cordin to the inemmy randem, a man wocked in and took the feller by the ear, and he sed to the barber, the man did: "This feller's got to go now, cos he is a escape; if you want to finish him you must fetch them things over to the def and dum ward of the lunattic sylum."—*Little Johnny.*

CONCERNING SOME AREAS.

Interesting Geographical Information not Generally Known.

There is great ignorance in America respecting the area of our country, says a New York paper. It is no marvel, therefore, that Europeans should so often make mistakes on this subject. ike want of precise and correct information is manifest in this country respecting Europe, particularly Great Britain and Ireland. Our readers will, we doubt not, be pleased to see the matter correctly stated. Let us begin with North Britain:

	Square Miles.
Scotland, including the Hebrides, Orkneys and other adjacent islands, has an area of	29,785
This is larger than the whole State of South Carolina, which has	29,385
It is larger than New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, whose united area is	29,598
It is more than six times as large as the State of Connecticut. And it is very considerably larger than the united area of Maryland, District of Columbia, Delaware, New Jersey, Connecticut and Rhode Island, which reaches the sum of	27,604
Ireland has an area of	32,513
This is larger than the united area of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut, which is	31,966
It is larger than the united area of Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and Vermont, which is	31,776
It is nearly as large as the State of Indiana, which is	33,809
England and Wales contain	58,220
This is larger than the State of Georgia, which is	18,000
It is larger than Michigan, which is	56,243
It is more than 12,00 greater than Pennsylvania, which is	46,000
It is more than 11,000 greater than New York, which is	47,000
It is more than 3,000 greater than the united area of Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, which is	54,838
Ireland and Great Britain united have an area of	120,316
This is more than 4,000 larger than all New England, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and South Carolina, whose united area is	115,997
It is more than 2,000 larger than all New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, which is	117,368
And yet Great Britain and Ireland united do not contain one-half the area of New Mexico, which is	248,063
And is not by 6,000 as large as Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, whose united area is	127,176
Omitting Alaska, the United States owns on this continent	2,913,603
But the British possessions in North America summit to	3,592,3 0
And the whole British empire, exclusive of Transvaal, Fiji, etc., embraces	7,684,514

So that the British empire controls nearly thrice as large an area as the United States if we leave out Alaska and more than twice as large an area if we include Alaska. Missouri is by more than 2,000 square miles larger than all New England. London has a larger population than the whole State of New York.

From these figures it is easy to show what will be the population of the United States or of the British empire when their possessions shall have 100, or 200, or 300, or 400 souls to the square mile.

It may interest our readers and lead them to further calculations for themselves to see the area in square miles of our several States and Territories. We append it for their use:

Maine, 31,766; New Hampshire, 9,280; Vermont, 10,212; Massachusetts, 7,800; Rhode Island, 1,306; Connecticut, 4,674; New York, 47,000; New Jersey, 8,320; Pennsylvania, 46,000; Delaware, 2,120; Maryland, 11,124; District of Columbia, 60; Virginia and West Virginia, 61,852; North Carolina, 50,704; South Carolina, 29,385; Georgia, 58,000; Florida, 59,268; Alabama, 50,722; Mississippi, 47,156; Louisiana, 41,255; Texas, 237,504; Arkansas, 52,198; Tennessee, 45,600; Kentucky, 37,680; Ohio, 39,964; Michigan, 56,243; Indiana, 33,809; Illinois, 55,405; Wisconsin, 53,924; Iowa, 50,914; Minnesota, 95,264; Missouri, 67,380; California, 188,981; Oregon, 102,606; Kansas, 78,418; Nebraska, 122,007; New Mexico, 243,063; Utah, 128,835; Washington Territory, 176,141; Nevada, 45,812; Colorado, 105,818; Dakota, 318,128.

Frauds of History.

At a meeting of the Yale alumni in New York, Professor Wheeler read a paper, in which he exposed a number of popular historical tales. Sappho never killed herself by jumping from a rock, but died a natural death. Leonidas fought at Thermopylæ, not with only 300 at his back, but with 7,000. The philosopher Diogenes never lived in a tub. The story of the virtues of the Roman matron Lucretia must be rejected, while the story of the Horatii and Curatii is worse than doubtful. The sons of Brutus were not the victims of their father's firmness, but of his brutality. It was utterly impossible for Hannibal to have followed up his victory at Cannæ, and the story of his using vinegar to cleave the rocks of the Alps is absurd. So, too, the story of Cleopatra dissolving a pearl in a goblet of vinegar and drinking up a fortune at one draught. Archimedes never said: "Give me a lever long enough and I will move the world;" nor did he cry out "Eureka!" at any known period of his life or discoveries. Alexandria was never visited by Omar, nor was the Alexandrian library burnt. No more did Galileo say: "And yet it moves for all that!" since it is proved from authentic documents that he did not dare to. That Columbus broke the end of an egg and thus confuted his mockers is fabulous; as is also the story that he encouraged the followers with brave words when the shores of San Salvador were still out of sight. Richard III., of England, did not kill his brother Clarence, and the story about a butt of Malmsey arose from the fact that the body of Clarence, who died a natural death, was transported from Calais to England in a wine butt. Charles II. never had the body of Cromwell taken from Westminster abbey and hanged at Tyburn, for the daughter of Cromwell, apprehensive of some such ill-treatment, had her father's corpse secretly removed from the abbey and buried in a quiet churchyard. Milton's daughters could not have consoled their father in his blindness by reading passages from the old authors, for the best of reasons—they did not know how to read.

Norwegian Commerce.

The Norwegian nation is the smallest of all European nations, but its commercial fleet is the third largest in the world. The Norwegian flag is, of all foreign flags, that which is most frequently seen in the harbor of New York, and through the sound which connects the Baltic with the North sea and forms the highway from London to St. Petersburg, often three to four hundred Norwegian craft of every description pass during one single day. In Norway, although not every man is a sailor, every person is, nevertheless, more or less directly connected with the shipping interest. To build ships or to sail them, to own ships or to have a part in them, is a point in everybody's life all along those thousand fjords which fringe the coast of Norway; and to the inland farmer the most common manner of placing his savings is to go down to the sea and buy a part in a ship. Many a Norwegian vessel, carrying timber to England and coal back to Denmark, or dried fish to Naples and oranges back to St. Petersburg, represents the fortunes of a whole village or parish, in which even the servant-girl may have a share, and to many a well-to-do Norwegian farmer the only source from which he draws, and can draw, ready money is his ship-part.

Bismarck as An Eater and Drinker.

The London *Times*, in giving extracts from Dr. Busch's book on Bismarck, furnishes the following summary of the accounts of some of his personal adventures:

"The personal incidents recorded in the book are numberless. From his student days he has had no end of duels. He has beaten topers in beer-houses with such a glorious sense of manly elation that he takes two pages to recount his victory twenty-five years afterward. He has been over and over again in peril of his life, from the old Russian days when a sentinel offered to shoot him, to the entry into Paris, where a fierce-looking individual was disarmed by the prince coolly asking him for a light. He has jumped over abysses in the Alps, with a fair burden in his arms; he walks about alone at night in Versailles, revolver in pocket, ready to kill and die; and, to excel his neighbors in everything, does not scruple to tell us that he is the most accomplished diplomatist of his age, so he can also challenge assembled humanity to outdo him in point of drink. So terrific are his achievements in the potatory line that one dreadful day King William IV., happening to witness his libations, had recourse to his sovereign word of command to forbid further display. Then, as regards eating, who can compare with the chancellor in point of discernment and receptiveness? When the crown prince dines with the broad-shouldered chief of the foreign office in the camp before Paris, his imperial highness is astonished at the dainties served up and the rotundity of all his officials present. 'This,' explains the complacent Bismarck, 'is due to donations we get from fatherland. The German nation is determined to have a corpulent chancellor.' To which the crown prince replies: 'Bucher is the only lean specimen here; I dare say he has not been with you long.'

"Columns might be filled with the culinary knowledge displayed in the memorable work before us. The intelligent prince dilates upon every imaginable variety of fish contained in ocean or river. He lays down the law upon crabs and lobsters, discourses freely upon eggs, and claims the honor of being a heaven-sent benefactor to Aix la Chapelle, having taught the benighted citizens how to fry oysters. His discrimination in cheese is perfectly wonderful. He can hold forth by the hour upon wine, and on dire occasion, spirits becoming scarce in the tents, causes a desperate appeal to be telegraphed home as to the strong need of a supply of gin incontinently. Always good-natured after dinner, he threatens corporal punishment to the steward of Baron Rothschild for refusing to bring forth wine for the king when every bottle is paid for. Nay, albeit a loyal subject, he allows the rumor to circulate uncontradicted that he has killed a brace of pheasants in M. Rothschild's park, contrary to the express prohibition of his sovereign. His excuse, it appears, is the paramount duty of self-preservation, the winged victims having been the first to begin the affray."

Greeley's Trouble With His Shirts.

One winter Mrs. Greeley went to the West Indies for her health, and the following spring she sent for her husband to come after her and bring her home to New York. Now, if there was one thing the old man hated, it was the sea. The very smell of salt water made him sick. But nevertheless he obeyed his wife's call, as he was accustomed to obey her every whim. In due time they got back to Gotham, and that morning Mr. Sinclair received word that Greeley was not feeling well, owing to his voyage, and had decided to stay at home for the day. In the evening Sinclair was going to Washington on business, and so, valise in hand, he called at Greeley's house an hour or two before the train was to start. He found the old man in bed, and actually very ill, having suffered terribly from sea-sickness all the way out and all he way back. He was alone, the other members of the family being ill or away from home, and so Sinclair determined to pass the night with him, giving up for that time his trip to the capital.

"Sinclair," said he in that querulous whine of his, "I'm as naked as the day I was born. My trunks haven't arrived yet, and I haven't got a night-gown."

"But why not wear this?" pointing to the garment he had taken off before getting into bed.

"Oh, I expect to be out to-morrow, and I want that to wear then. How would it look after I'd slept in it?"

Well, in due time his luggage arrived, and Sinclair made a bolt for the article he wanted. After some rummaging he ound it, and helped the old man to put it on. It was speedily fastened at the neck, and the nurse took up one of the wrists and tried to button it. There, however, he stuck fast. The ends wouldn't meet by fully two inches. He tugged and twisted to his utmost, but it was no go. Still, as the patient said nothing, he supposed it ought to be fastened, and redoubled his efforts for that purpose. For about twenty minutes he labored without success. Then he said:

"This is a failure. It won't fasten."

"No," replied Greeley, with exasperating calmness, "I knew it wouldn't. The f

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

—:o:—

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Dec., 26 1878

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is here. We trust it is an occasion for joy to every reader of the *Reporter*. Could we have it so, there would not be one heavy heart in all this wide world on this great day. And if there were that appreciation and realization of Christmas and the great event which it commemorates, and that it so fittingly deserves from all, there would be neither heart nor soul from dawn of morn to dusk of eve, that would not be forgetful of all else but to rejoice that just now is the anniversary of the great Friend of mankind, who came to bring peace, good will, and joy—and these are all found by those who will have them.

All other holidays are nothing compared with Christmas. Our Fourth of July, Washington's birth day, and such like these, what would they be without Christmas? Or rather, we might say, we would not have these at all, if mankind had not been freed from the thraldom of the evil power through the coming of Him who was born at Bethlehem that we might be saved from superstition, sin and idolatry. From that day dates a new era for mankind; and from it sprang light to dispel darkness, and sow the seeds of civil and religious liberty.

The star still shines and points to Bethlehem—are we all shepherds on the way to find Him? It is a light that leads not astray.

Christmas comes only once a year, and that is enough, for the world only needed the one Redeemer, and He fulfilled all the prophets have said, though many be fools and slow of heart to believe all.

While all nations have their own special, national holidays, this great Christmas festival is cosmopolitan, and all christian nations and tongues join on this day in thanksgiving and rejoicing over the precious gift that was given to lost and sinful man—a Redeemer and Savior!

It is proper that we all rejoice and be glad—more glad than he who has bestowed upon him silver, and gold, and large estates; far we have received an inheritance for greater than all these.

We wish all our readers a merry Christmas; may there not be one speck of cloud to mar its enjoyment, and if there be no gifts from the hands of men, there is infinite cause for rejoicing over the gift of the babe of Bethlehem which serveth all forever. We quote a few lines from Jan. St. Nicholas:

When Christmas morning comes they say
The whole world knows it's Christmas Day;
The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls.
And all the night the heavens shine,
With luster of a light divine,
Long ere the dawn the children leap
With "Merry Christmas!" in their sleep;
And dream about the Christmas-tree;
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,
Of loving friend and kindred dear;
Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the "Merry Christmas!" prayer.
While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angels' song;
"Glory be to God above!
Oh earth be peace and helpful love!"
And on the streets, or hearts within,
The Christmas carolings begin:

"Waken, Christian children,
Up and let us sing,
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

"Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children,
'Let them come to me.'

"Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day."

One of the severest doses of radical disfranchizement of northern whites, that Blaine got in the senate in reply to his alleged intimidation of negroes, came from senator Wallace, who reminded him of the northern republican gerrymanders whereby the white democrats are disfranchised from their representation in congress. Blaine's committee might take up that phase of the subject with great profit, and while his men would fail of making out an honest case against the south, it would be eminently successful in what it could prove in the north.

A New York lawyer committed suicide the other day. Let other people quit that, and encourage the lawyers in it.

Stranger things have happened than a rebellion in the republican ranks and the defeat of Don Cameron for U. S. Senator. There have been mutterings all along that something of the kind was breeding, and they are getting louder each day. A Pittsburg dispatch of 19 says: As Mackey is probably dying a number of Republican leaders who have become sick of the domineering policy of Don Cameron have broken loose from the ranks. Their programme is to elect Galusha A. Grow to the Senate instead of Cameron. I have it from the best-informed politician in Western Pennsylvania that Quay, of Philadelphia, with many other leaders of the Eastern wing of the party, and Magee, Collector Rutan and half a dozen others of this city who can carry this end of the State, are now at Philadelphia fixing the programme for Cameron's defeat. It is certain that Magee and the others are in Philadelphia, and also certain that they made several remarks before leaving here which confirm the above story.

The Centre Democrat, will be the name of the new paper which is to make its appearance at Bellefonte in January, Hon. S. T. Shugert and Maj. R. H. Forster, will be the publishers. They are both veteran democrats, who never balked or rebelled, and well known. The absence of a democratic organ at our county seat in which the democratic organizations of the state and county have confidence, seems to demand this undertaking by the above parties.

General Cameron denies that he ever accused Wade Hampton of shooting his brother, Colonel James Cameron, as stated by Eli Perkins.

As an indication of how much truth there is in the Republican howl about election frauds in South Carolina a trial of Democratic judges in Clarendon county is a fair test. An acquittal was the result, although the foreman of the jury was a Republican and there were two negroes on the panel.

Hayes is a Grant man. Grant is the choice of the old whiskey ring, the most of whom he pardoned out of the penitentiary.

Don Cameron can not make a speech one quarter as long as Grant, yet he represents one of the greatest states in the U. S. Senate.

Hartranft and Grow are trying to get Bayard Taylor's place.

Blaine had to face a red hot democratic fire before he got his resolution of investigation passed—although all the democratic senators, but six, voted to pass it, yet they gave him such a mess of northern radical bulldozing, and disfranchisement of white democrats, that his stomach has been out of kelter from it.

A Washington dispatch of 17 says the discussion on the resolution of Mr. Blaine, as amended by Mr. Thurman and the Senate, for an investigation into the late elections, was resumed in the Senate to-day, and at its conclusion the resolution was passed by 56, to 6. Mr. Blaine, as on the day previous, fought a losing fight. His Republican associates left him comparatively alone on the floor and listened from the sofas and adjoining cloak-rooms to the drubbing which he received at the hands of Senators Wallace, Ransom, Morgan and Whyte. Patterson, of South Carolina, sat by Blaine's side and comforted him, and the ancient Hamlin also remained at the right hand of his colleague during a portion of the debate. Mr. Wallace was the first to annoy Blaine. The Pennsylvania Senator, backed by an unanswerable array of figures, demonstrated the fallacy of the Maine Senator's argument last week concerning the political strength of the white voter South as compared with the political strength of the white voter North. Mr. Wallace had judiciously selected a few of the most glaring instances of the gerrymandering of Republican Congressional districts in the North, wherein three times as many Democratic votes are required to elect one Representative of that party as Republican votes are required to elect a single Representative of the radical faith. The strongest point made by Mr. Wallace in his speech was that the sentiment of the country, irrespective of party, was opposed to the agitation of sectional differences when Congress should be devoting its time to legislation for the promotion of trade, commerce and national prosperity.

The able speech of Senator Wallace will be found in another column of the Reporter.

Senator Whyte, of Md., in his remarks on the Blaine resolution, said that it would be strange if some Democrats of the South had not learned the tricks of the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau in casting the colored vote solid, but denied that there was any general disposition or attempts on the part of the Southern Democracy, as a whole, to deprive the negro of his constitutional rights. To illustrate, he said he once asked a negro if he had voted.

"Yes indeed I'se voted."

"Whom did you vote for?"

"Well, I couldn't 'xackly say who I voted for, but I knows I voted the right ticket."

"But how do you know you voted the right ticket, if you don't know who you voted for."

"Cause you see, I couldn't vote no other ticket. I seen that tried."

Blaine's investigating committee is to sit with closed doors and do its work in secret. The democrats voted in favor of the investigation but proposed to sit with open doors, in open day-light, so that the people, who are concerned in the matter, might know what was going on. This reasonable proposition of the democrats was voted down by the radical senate.

Blaine and his assistants in breeding sectional strife, don't wish open doors, because that would not answer their purposes in manufacturing electioneering stuff against the southern people. If the democrats are not afraid of open doors and the eye of the people, why need the radicals be, if they have a good case to go on with? But there is the trouble, their charges against the south are false and groundless and they must have a committee to sit in secret and in darkness manufacture a big story of southern intimidation of colored voters to poison the minds of the people of the north against those of the south.

The committee of investigation will therefore be a one sided affair, sitting in secret session to take testimony from perjurers and men hired to swear to false charges. Why investigate in secret if their charges of southern intimidation are true? If the democrats are not afraid of open doors, why should the radicals be when the majority of the committee will be radical? Our elections are public, our courts are open and public, the Potter committee sat with open doors and did not fear daylight, yet we have the radicals of the senate—their last senate too—appointing an investigation into the late elections in the south, but the whole work to be carried on in secret!

Well, let them go on; they are in their last desperate throes; let them do their worst or their best, and when their secret work is done, based at it will be upon the say of hired perjurers, let them make the best of it. No sensible man not blinded by party prejudices, will give one farthing for all the horrible things that Blaine's secret investigating committee may hatch out, manufacture and report.

WHITE REPUBLICANISM.

The attitude of the republicans, since they are disappointed in the negro voters calls out these apt remarks from the World. It says it looks very much as if we should see the Republican party before long marching under banners inscribed "White men shall rule America;" William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and company screaming "Would you like your daughter to marry a negro?" and Colonel Pat. Donan, erstwhile of the Lexington (Mo.) Caucasian, declaring, as editor of the Tribune founded by Horace Greeley, that no simian-souled sooty-skinned kink-curled blubber-lipped prehensile-heeled Ethiopian gorilla shall pollute the ballot-box with his leprous vote. Then we shall have Lincoln's reluctance to abolish slavery and Morton's opposition to negro suffrage cited as the only and original Republican doctrine. Already we see the fact paraded that Mrs. Hayes has no intention whatever of "inviting the quadroon wife of colored Senator "Bruce to attend at the first Presidential reception;" that her husband "has "never been invited to dine at the "White House or elsewhere with a party of Senators," and that "General Grant "never invited Revels, of Mississippi, "and when he gave a dinner to the "Santo Domingo Commissioners left out Fred Douglass." The Republican Presidents are thus cleared of the stigma of associating with "the nigger," and the Republican Senators can point with pride to the fact that they kept Pinchback out of his seat. For the nigger who has no further funds to deposit in the Freedmen's Bank and who votes the Democratic ticket the Republican party has no use. The duty therefore devolves upon the Democracy, which has always been the party of the Constitution and has everywhere declared its loyal acceptance of that instrument and its amendments, to see that the colored citizen in South Carolina is protected in his rights as well as the colored citizen in Massachusetts. The issue was finally settled by the war; the sovereign States set their seals to the amended Constitution, and we shall not allow Mr. Page, of California, and the other White Republicans to cancel or put in peril these great results. The colored citizens of the South shall not be deprived of the citizenship which the North conferred upon them, and there is no need for the late Mr. Greeley's paper to say that the thing may, can, might, could, would or should be done. We are surprised—nay, shocked—at such a proposition coming from a party which for some twenty years made emancipation and negro suffrage its watchwords, and for ten years has spent its time and its energies in surveying the work of its hands and declaring that it was entirely good.

Even if Senator Blaine could be treated seriously, says the World, as a sincere believer in the clap-trap he talks, his figures as to the inequality of representative strength North and South would be unworthy of serious consideration, for the simple reason that there are no anomalies and no appearances of injustice indicated by them in the political organization of the South which are not just as strongly marked in the case of States at the North. In Alabama, North Carolina and Mississippi, for instance, the Democratic legislatures have so run the lines that every district but one is Democratic by a small but sufficient majority, while the Republicans are packed into one district, which they do not always carry. Last month, for example, they ran two negroes in the Second North Carolina and were beaten. Of course this increases the unrepresented element, which is always large under the system of majority representation, but it will be interesting to see the Democrats of the South attacked on this head by members of that party which in New York has for years refused to perform a duty peremptorily prescribed by the constitution, and which in Indiana has so arranged the districts that the Republicans carried nine out of thirteen though they were in a very considerable minority of the popular vote. Gerrymandering at least is not a Southern invention. Mr. Blaine complains that South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana, with a population which he coolly assumes to be "Republican" because in the matter of race it stands at 54 per cent. colored to 46 white, return seven Democratic Congressmen. Bless the man's soul, Massachusetts and Michigan return nineteen Republican Congressmen and but one Democrat, though the figures show—there are no assumptions here—that 51 per cent. of the voters in those States are anti-Republican! In New York it takes something over 15,000 Republicans to elect a Congressman and something over 54,000 voters of other political beliefs to do the same thing! Every Republican voter in New York has three and a half times as much power and influence as every anti-Republican voter. It is an axiom in politics that under the majority system the minority vanishes utterly—is left unrepresented—and in any country or assembly the corrective is found in the accidents of distribution. Where hundreds of thousands of Democrats, constituting local minorities in Kansas, Michigan, New York, Massachusetts or Illinois, are left unrepresented, a corresponding number of Republicans in Democratic States should fail to secure representation if the balance of equity, except in tidal wave years, is to be preserved. If there is a Democratic preponderance in the electoral colleges and in the National Legislature why should Senator Blaine affect to regard this as abnormal when the election of 1876 demonstrated that a large majority of the voters of the United States are Democrats? Nobody knows better than Blaine that the Republican party has ever since been losing strength, till even at the North it remains its hold upon power only through the divisions of its opponents. It is conventional with Senators to pretend to regard each other as seriously as did the augurs of old. But when a Senator talks such arrant and hypocritical humbug as Mr. Blaine, people who are not paid to sit still and listen to him politely may be pardoned if they feel moved to forgive even the truly shocking way in which Senator Conkling expressed his contempt for him while he was speaking his piece.

Blaine had a ducced time to get a committee, Conkling, Edmunds, Hoar, and all the other prominent republican senators openly refused to serve, and after going begging for a while, five of the smaller fry were at length obtained to serve.

The Senate Investigating Committee appointed on the Blaine resolution is now as follows: Teller (Chairman), Hoar, Cameron (Wis.), McMillan and Kirkwood for the Republicans. Democrats—Bayard, Wallace, Garland and Bailey. Sub-committees will visit New York, New Orleans and Massachusetts.

Congressman Williams died at Washington on Saturday morning. Two other congressmen, Beverly Douglas and Gilbert C. Walker, of Va., are dangerously ill.

Forty acres of pigeons roost nightly in the Indian Territory about fifty miles southwest of Joplin, Mo. The hunters spend the night in the wood and kill with shot-guns and clubs till morning, when they load wagons with the birds and drive away to sell the pigeons at from 10 cents to 25 cents a dozen. Scores of wagon-loads have thus been disposed of, still there is no apparent diminution in the number of the birds, nor do they fail to return nightly to their roost.

An alligator at Chandbally, India, finding a native asleep with his feet hanging over the side of his boat, grabbed the luckless Hindoo and carried him off. A police inspector tracked and killed the man-eater, and found in its stomach twenty six pairs of brass bangles and anklets, two sets of gold earrings and a number of toe-rings. This alligator, judging from the size of the ornaments, had devoured at least four women and five children, not to take account of people that wore no jewelry.

In consequence of the increase of atrocious murders in Switzerland the Council of State has agreed to discuss the restoration of capital punishment, which would require a revision of the Federal Constitution.

A delegation of tobacco manufacturers is before congress urging a reduction of the tax on that article. The consumers, who pay the tax, do not seem to be at all excited on the subject.

This is a dangerous season, and often the fondest mother's care is no protection against Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be kept in readiness. Price 25 cents.

"I'm a rutabaga, and here's where I plant myself," said a tramp as he entered a farmhouse near Freeport, Ill., and seated himself at the table. "We aliens bile ours," said the farmer's wife, and soused him with a dish-panful of boiling water.

Lawrence Olis Hall, clearing house clerk of the London and San Francisco bank at San Francisco, stole a $13,000 package of Greenbacks and absconded as is supposed on the Oceanic for China.

MR. COOK'S SECOND LECTURE.

Mr. Cook delivered the second in his course of lectures at Association Hall, New York, on Thursday evening last. His subject was "The Infallibility of Conscience." He said:

There are two definitions of conscience—one popular and loose, the other strict and scholarly. The first is that conscience is merely a sense of right and wrong; the second that it is a sense of right and wrong in choices. By the addition of these two last words it is possible to reconcile all the antagonistic views on the subject. The popular definition does not decide whether through conscience we know what is the proper thing to do about a reciprocity treaty with Canada. It has nothing to say as to whether conscience belongs to external actions or intentions, or both. It is a fog through which some people drift all their lives. The strict definition confines the activity of conscience to choices; that is to say, intentions—moral motives. The lecturer was not called upon to go into the origin of conscience. He was willing to take it for granted that it is innate or cognate. He did not say that conscience always points out what is absolutely right, but it does point out what is relatively right. It is not infallible as to another's motives. What it knows is the character of the person owning the conscience. It not only perceives choices, but it feels that the right ought to be followed just as a perception of the beautiful is necessarily followed by a feeling of admiration, and is thus something different from a merely intellectual perception. As perception and feeling are inseparably blended in the esthetic, so the moral sense is always followed by a sense that the right ought to be chosen. A being with perception and no moral obligation, would be without conscience. Take away either part of the performance and conscience is destroyed. External actions have their expediency or their inexpediency, but the right or wrong of them depends on the intention of the doer. The motives determines the merit or demerit. This is another word that needs to be defined.

Motive may mean appetite, allurement, or intention. When conscience is said to judge of the character of motives it is meant in the third sense. "I am not willing," continued the speaker, to admit, in the presence of possible sticklers for nomenclature on this platform, that appetite may not be evil. It may be original sin. Do I believe in original sin? Yes, most heartily; but I must first define original sin. Here is a lion that has never eaten a child, but wants to. There is a lion that has eaten a child. The old system says that the lion is a lion whether he has eaten a child or not. The new system says that he is not a lion unless he has eaten a child. But they are equally afraid of the lion." (Great laughter and applause.) If I am asked, continued the speaker, whether an inherited propensity to evil is not an evil, I answer "yes;" but if I am asked whether literal sin is not in our appetites, I answer "yes" in a popular sense, but in a strict sense I say that it is a matter of choice. A man is not to be blamed for an inherited tendency to evil, nor for its attractiveness to him, but only for giving way to it. Neither is he to be praised for the possession of intellectual tastes nor for the attractiveness of books, but for gratifying those tastes with a view to doing good.

The Bible speaks in a human sense when it talks of a seared conscience. There is a perfectly consistent doctrine throughout the Scriptures on this subject, and those who take them as a guide must believe that whenever the Holy Spirit touches the human soul it touches the conscience. So it may be strictly said that conscience is the touch of the pierced right hand of the Lord. The insignificant syllable "ought" will outweigh "wife," "father," "mother," "child," "friends," everything but "God." God is in the Word. Moral sense in full activity includes six things: Direct perception of right or wrong in choices; feeling that right should be performed and that wrong should not; complacence in right and want of complacence in wrong; feeling of merit in the performance of right and of demerit in the performance of wrong; pain of remorse or bliss of self-approval, and a prophetic anticipation of reward for the performance of right or of punishment for the performance of wrong.—*Times.*

BEECHER AND TALMAGE.

Sensation Preachers and Money They Make by Outside Work.

The New York *Sun* has a column of curious information in the pecuniary profits realized by Beecher and Talmage on their popularity and notoriety as lecturers and preachers. Beecher stock seems to be on the descending scale while that of Talmage is on the rise. Says the *Sun:*

The hey day of Beecher's money-making was before his name was clouded with scandal. He had $20,000 from his church, some thousands from Mr. Robert Bonner, editor and proprietor of the New York *Ledger*, a heavy income from his "Star papers," his "Norwood," and his published sermons, good fat fees for signing his name to marriage certificate parchments, two or three hundred dollars any night that he chose to run over in New Jersey, sally into New England, or the interior of New York State to lecture. He had five or six thousand dollars as editor of the *Christian Union*, and then he got handsome advance pay on his contract for writing a "Life of Christ"—a work which he never completed and left half finished on the hands of J. B. Ford & Co., whose financial ruin it wrought.

The scandal greatly diminished Beecher's income from outside sources. The sale of his books came to a full stop. The scandal cost him $118,000, $100,000 of which, a year's salary inclusive, his church paid. Beecher's present salary is $15,000. He has had the expense of his costly house in Peekshill on hand, and had to forego a summer's revel in the White Mountains and go to lecturing out West. He came back ten or twelve thousand dollars richer, and then announced his retirement from the lecture field. This year has probably afforded Beecher an income of $50,000. His income for the next year depends largely upon the sale of the pews in January. His salary will be $20,000 if the receipts at that time warrant it.

And as to Brother Talmage, the *Sun* says:

Talmage is not now connected with any religious paper, having found that the different papers he tried needed more money than their legitimate earnings to keep them afloat. His sermons, however, are printed by newspapers from St. Johns to San Francisco, and from Toronto to Cape Town.

It is believed, however, that Talmage gets from the different papers to which he supplies manifold copies of his sermons sufficient to pay his stenographer. He has a revenue from two Western publishing houses, which publish his sermons in book form, and a royalty on the sales of his "Crumbs Swept Up," "Abominations of Society," and "Sports that Kill," which the Harpers publish. He has a new book in the press, from which large returns are expected. None of his friends know his revenue from his literary work. His present salary is $7,000. An estimate of his entire income for this year is between $10,000 and 12,000. Next year, however, his salary will be $12,000, and his income will be probably from $15,000 to $20,000. Talmage has a good conception of values, and it is predicted that he will be a rich man in ten years.

St. Nicholas for January is a charming Holiday number, chuck full of good things for the amusement and edification of children. It contains contributions from such eminent authors as John G. Whittier and Julian Hawthorne, and also some fifty or sixty pictures.

Scribner's Monthly for January, is a capital number, full of interesting and valuable reading, and profusely illustrated.

Subscribe for the Centre Reporter. The best paper in the county.

WALLACE'S REJOINDER.

THE PLUMED KNIGHT'S SPEECH ANSWERED AT EVERY POINT.

Facts and Figures to Show the Utter Fallacy of Blaine's Principal Statements—Some Interesting Illustrations Pertaining to Penn'a Politics—Notes.

Senator Wallace, in his reply to Mr. Blaine, held that no practical results could possibly follow the proposed investigation, and that was why he (Wallace) opposed the resolutions. He read the fourteenth amendment, and the court's decision thereupon, to show that no state can be deprived of any of its representation because of the acts of individuals. The remedy for all the grievances complained of by Mr. Blaine is in contest before the House. He then showed that only twenty representatives were allotted to the Southern states because of the enfranchised negroes, and not thirty-five as Blaine had stated. He said it was not true that the white voter of the South wielded more power than the voter of the North. "The first fallacy," he said, "in Blaine's theory is the bold assumption that the colored voters had no voice or power in the recent elections. Who gives any one authority to say this? Is it true that the Republican party possesses an indefeasible estate in every colored voter in those states? Have they no liberty of thought or right of independent action? Are their votes not to be counted unless they vote the Republican ticket? Such a statement as this is utterly unwarranted by facts, for we all know that in very many instances the colored voter is independent in action. Up on the Presidential vote of 1876 in those states the seventeen Democratic members elected had a total of 272 805 votes and their opponents had a total of 219,610. The minority were just as much represented as they are in any Congressional district in the North. They voted and they were out-voted. How unfairly the contrast is put. Iowa and Wisconsin had, in 1876, a voting population of 550,108. Of these, 296,505, representing about 1,200 000 people, were Republicans, and 243,603, representing about 1,000,000 people, were Democrats. If the negroes who voted for the Republican candidates in the Southern states named are not to be counted, the Democrats who voted for their own candidates in Iowa and Wisconsin ought not to be counted. The Democrats elected in the South represent the minority there just as much as the Republicans elected in the North represent the minority there. It ignores Democratic votes and population North, and omits the pregnant fact that the colored voters South both voted and were counted in making up results. If negroes are voters, and entitled to representation (and the Republican party has made them so), then they are as much entitled to be counted as are the minorities in any district in the Union. In every close contest since 1872 their votes have given the state of Pennsylvania to the Republicans. They hold the balance of power there, and invariably cast it against the Democrats. If the senator from Maine will have one result, he must accept the other."

Quoting Mr. Blaine's assertions that the "seizure of power" by Democrats in the South was "wanton usurpation," Mr. Wallace continued: "If it be 'wanton usurpation and violent perversion of the whole theory of Republican Government,' what shall we call the wholesale disfranchisement of the Democratic masses North by skillful manipulation of political power? Indiana, with a Democratic plurality of over 5,000 in 1876, sent to this Congress 9 Republicans and but 4 Democrats; 23,120 votes or 115,000 population could choose a Republican to Congress, while it required 53,291 votes or 265,000 population to elect a Democrat. The home of the senator—New England with its six states—sends to this Congress 22 Republicans and 6 Democrats; 16,691 votes or 80,000 people can elect a Republican member of Congress there, while it requires 49,321 votes or about 250,000 people to elect a Democrat. To the Senate, New England sends ten Republican and two Democratic senators. Upon the basis of the vote of 1876 it requires 36,721 votes or 185,000 people to choose a Republican senator from New England, while 147,993 votes or 740,000 people are required to elect a Democrat. The six great Middle states—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa—contain 3,650,000 voters or about 16,000,000 of people, yet they have but twelve senators as against an equal number in New England for 663,000 voters and about 3,300,000 people. These are the results of our political system, and there is just as much reason to find fault with it in New England as in the South. We must abide its inequalities and imperfections for the much greater good it contains. Sweeping charges or partisan comparisons can do no good and must do harm. The only important question is, have elections, North or South, been carried by fraud or violence? If they have, the incumbent holding by such a title should be ejected. The remedy is by contest under the statute. Orderly methods, sworn testimony, judicial inquiry, non-partisan judgment. These are the processes the people approve.

"The invective hurled at the seizure of power by a solid South may be fitly answered by grouping the six great Middle states I have named and examining political results there. In this Congress (and it is worse in the next) these States, upon a total vote of 1,842 212 Republicans in 1876 have 'seized' 75 Congressmen, while on a total vote of 1,804 341 the Democracy get but 45. Upon a voting majority of 37,871 the Republicans have 'seized' 29 Congressmen. If we add to these states New England, we find that 2,209,431 Republican voters get 97 Congressmen, while 2,100,208 Democratic voters get 52. In these twelve states 109,163 Republican majority enables that party to seize 45 Congressmen. If we call a Democratic white voter North the equal of a Republican white or negro voter North, and as such entitled to equal political power, it appears that each 2,425 black or white Republicans North have chosen one of these 45 Republicans to Congress. Or, upon the same basis of equality, each 12,000 people who are represented by these voters have 'seized' a Republican Congressman. Or, if we generalize the whole, we find that in these twelve states 22,777 black and white Republican voters representing 113,885 people 'seize' a Congressman, while it requires 46,672 Democratic voters, representing 233,360 people, to elect one.

"Are not these denials an abridgement of the right to vote, so fully guaranteed by the fourteenth amendment, if the interpretation contended for by the senator from Maine is correct? The negro voter was provided with a tax receipt, paid for by the men who claim to own him North and South, and the white man too poor to pay his taxes was driven from the polls. Federal authority intrenched itself on the election ground in the room of the official whom common right and ancient custom places there. And the Democratic party polled at that election but 53,000 votes, against more than 62,000 polled in 1876. Would it be just to deprive Pennsylvania of her fair share of representation in Congress by reason of these deeds of unscrupulous political managers? The remedy for these wrongs must come through the wrath of an outraged people. It may come tardily, but it will come surely."

A DISMAL PICTURE DRAWN.

New York, December 21.—The *Sun's* Scranton correspondent says: These are dismal days in the cabins of thousands of Pennsylvania coal miners. The wolf crouches at every door. If the combination of companies outlasts this month the miners can see nothing ahead but starvation.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

This is the day that Christ was born!
Hark to the music, sweet and wild,
That wakens glad hearts and forlorn,
To greet the blessed Child!

O silver bells, that ring so clear
All the wintry morning gray,
Rouse up the sleeping world to hear
That Christ was born to-day.

Ring till the children start from sleep,
Sweet with the dream of joy to be,
And clap their little hands, and leap
And shout aloud in glee.

Ring till the sorrowful ones of earth,
Whose lives are spent in toil and tears,
That leave, alas! no place for mirth
In all the dreary years.

Shall hear the tender words He said—
"Come unto me all ye that mourn"—
And gather strength anew to tread
The path His feet have worn.

Ring loud, ring sweet, O Christmas bells,
And tune each waking soul to prayer,
The while your joyful paeon swells
Upon the frosty air.

Through misty dawn, and sunshine clear
Ring till the callous hearts of men,
Stirred with the thought of Christ so near
Grow warm and soft again.

Ring till the tender impulse turns
To pitying thought, to generous deed;
Ring till the eager spirit burns
To succor all that need!

And while ye ring, with heart and voice,
Glory to God! let all men say,
And every living soul rejoice
That Christ was born to-day!

—MARY E. BRADLEY, Baldwin's Monthly.

—Suffer not disappointment by employing too many "cures;"—but for the diseases of Infancy use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup which never disappoints, and costs only 25 cents a bottle.

A St. Petersburg despatch says the Chinese are continually murdering and pillaging the inhabitants on the Russian frontier.

NEW YORK

Weekly Herald.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper has more than trebled during the past year. It contains all the leading features contained in the DAILY HERALD, and is arranged in handy departments. The

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embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

American News

are given the Telegraphic Despatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

THE WEEKLY HERALD

the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

Political News,

embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

The Farm Department

of the WEEKLY HERALD gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle, Poultry, Grains, Trees, Vegetables, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well edited department, widely copied, under the head of

The Home,

giving receips for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest Fashions. The Home Department of the WEEKLY HERALD will save the house-wife more than one hundred times the price of the paper.

The interests of

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Are looked after, and everything relating to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded.

There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business markets, Crops, Merchandize, &c., &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

The Produce Market.

Sporting News at home and abroad, together with a Story every week, a Sermon by some eminent divine, Literary, Musical, Dramatic, Personal, and Sea Notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the WEEKLY HERALD, which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You can subscribe at any time.

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A splendid stock of New Goods has arrived at

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Prices Are Down.

The stock consists of a full line of Merchandise, carefully selected, embracing all kinds of

DRESS GOODS,
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ETC., ETC.,

Muslin & Calico

are at bottom prices.

FURNISHING GOODS of all kinds.

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PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.

NEW GOODS!!!

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WM. WOLF.

PENNSYLVANIA RR,

Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, Nov. 26 1878, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWRD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p m
" "	Harrisburg	4 35 a m
" "	Montandon	6 57 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 35 a m
" "	Lock Haven	9 40 a m
" "	Renova	11 00 a m
" arr at	Erie	7 25 p m
NIAGARA EX. leaves	Philadelphia	10 50 a m
" "	Harrisburg	1 02 p m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 35 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	3 35 p m
" "	Montandon	7 20 p m
" arr at	Williamsport	8 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven	9 40 p m
" "	Jersey Shore	11 00 p m
PACIFIC EX. leaves	Lock Haven	6 40 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 45 a m
" "	Williamsport	9 08 a m
" "	Montandon	10 40 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 40 p m
" "	Philadelphia	10 05 p m
DAY EX. leaves	Renova	11 30 a m
" "	Lock Haven	1 30 p m
" "	Williamsport	2 45 p m
" "	Montandon	4 07 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	6 10 p m
" "	Philadelphia	9 20 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renova	8 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven	9 45 p m
" "	Williamsport	11 05 p m
" "	Montandon	12 18 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	2 45 a m
" "	Philadelphia	7 00 a m
FA LINE leaves	Williamsport	2 25 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	7 50 a m
" at	Philadelphia	7 40 a m

Par cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Ex. West. Erie Ex. West. Philadelphia Express East, and Day Ex. East and Sunday Ex. East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Superintendent

—CHRISTMAS!—

Each succeeding year makes plainer the fact that there is a rapidly growing taste for Holiday Gifts, combining usefulness with beauty and correct taste.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

Have made very extensive preparations for supplying the prevailing taste, and have now on daily exhibition the largest stock of useful and beautiful articles ever placed on sale in Philadelphia. An examination will convince any one that almost every department of the house contains articles more appropriate for Christmas offerings than gifts of silver or gold.

All who find it inconvenient to visit Philadelphia, are cordially invited to make their selections and order their goods through our

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Of late the business transacted through this department has been so heavy as to necessitate the employment of additional help, but the perfect system in practice enables us to promptly answer every request for samples, and to fill at once every order in the most satisfactory manner.

Below we give a necessarily brief list of articles especially adapted for Holiday Gifts.

INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.
HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS.
COL'D BORDER HANDKERCHIEFS.
FANCY SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.
HNDK'RCHIEFS in FANCY BOXES.
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.
GENTLEMEN'S SILK AND CASHMERE MUFFLERS.
LADIES' EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND CUFFS.
LADIES' NECKTIES AND BOWS.
RUFFLING AND SCARFS.
GENTS' NECKWEAR OF EVERY STYLE.
FANCY HOSIERY.
SILK HOSIERY.
UNDERWEAR IN SILK, WOOL, CASHMERE AND MERINO.
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.
GENT'S COLLARS AND CUFFS.
INDIA AND PAISLEY SHAWLS.
LADIES' COATS AND SUITS.
CHILDREN'S COATS AND SUITS.
BOYS' CLOTHING & OVERCOATS.
INFANTS' OUTFITS.
NOVELTIES IN SKIRTS.
PIANO, TABLE AND ORGAN COVERS.
FINE DAMASK TABLE COVERS.
NAPKINS TO MATCH.
TOILET REQUISITES.
BLANKETS AND QUILTS.
EIDERDOWN QUILTS.
CARRIAGE LAP ROBES.
SILK UMBRELLAS.
JAPANESE LACQUER GOODS.
CELLULOID TOILET SETS.
POCKET BOOKS.
WRIST WARMERS.
GLOVES OF ALL KINDS.
FANS, ETC.
SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS.
DRESS GOODS
PRINTS AND CRETONNES.
&C., &C., &C.

TWENTY-FIVE CASES

Twenty-Five Cent Dress Goods,

Especially Adapted for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Our greatly enlarged store room, this season, enables us to comfortably accommodate the many hundreds of our customers who may have heretofore found difficulty in getting waited upon at our crowded counters.

The price of everything is guaranteed to be absolutely the lowest.

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Our Stock being entirely New. We offer special Bargains in HARDWARE, OILS and PAINTS.

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Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Dec., 26, '78.

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Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 836, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
F. A. FORKMAN, Sec'y. J. F. ALEXANDER, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 451, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. D. C. KELLER W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 36, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 1 P. M and every two weeks after. Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHOME, Sect.

——For Pure Drugs go to Zeller's Drug store, Brockerhoff row. 14 nov 3m.

——This issue the Reporter is published one day in advance of the usual time, to give the "boys" an early let off.

——A merry Christmas and a happy New Year, to every reader of the Reporter.

——The new Howe is admitted to be the king of sewing machines—it sets all others in the shade. Don't buy any other until you have tried the new Howe.

——D. F. Luse, of this place, has invented the boss sausage-stuffer.

——Get your 1879 groceries at Sechler's and you'll have a happy New Year

——If you want the best and freshest drugs and medicines, go to Green's, in the Bush house block, where are also kept fancy and toilet articles.

——Next week, according to custom, there will be no paper issued from this office. Hope our patrons will all enjoy a merry Christmas, and have a happy New Year.

——Had about four inches of snow on Saturday, which brought out the sleighs and merry jingling bells. The weather was very stormy and cold. On Monday morning mercury was down to zero.

——We are in receipt of the first copy of a monthly paper called "The Teacher," published by Eldridge & Bro., 17 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, at 50 cts per anuum It is printed on fine paper, with faultless typographic execution. We have no doubt it will be welcomed by educators.

——How many of our patrons who are in arrears over a year will make up their minds that 1879 shall not catch them in that fix?

——L. L. Brown, at the depot, Bellefonte, gives the best Cash prices for all kinds of grain, and sells coal low as any other dealer in this county, if not lower.

The Lewistown Gazette says every paper in the United States ought occasionally to keep the fact before its readers that burnt corn is a certain and speedy cure for hog cholera. The best way is to make a pile of corn on the cobs, effectually scorch it and then give the affected hogs free access to it. This remedy was discovered by accident by E. E. Locke, Esq., at the time his distillery was burned in this county, together with a large lot of stored corn which was so much injured as to be unfit for use, was hauled out and greedily eaten by the hogs, several of which were dying daily. After the second day not a single hog was lost, and the disease entirely disappeared. The remedy has been tried since in a number of cases and has never failed.

——The Bulgarians are still on the hunt of a king, and having read in the REPORTER of King Clothier Newman, have concluded to offer him the throne. Newman can't and will not accept—Centre county can't afford to let him go, for clothing would at once go up, and the people would suffer, and the consequence would be a war between Bulgaria and Centre county. We must keep Newman here to keep down the price of clothing. Long live Newman king of the clothing business. He sells the best and cheapest.

——Don't forget the Festival that will be held at Centre Hall, Dec. 31, Jan. 1, and 2, closing on Thursday evening, Jan. 2, with a Concert by the Jubilee Singers, of Bellefonte. Come.

——The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, of 16, prints an interesting sermon, on "Wrath and Love—Their Relation to Each Other in the Divine Economy," by our young friend, and former contributor to the REPORTER, Rev. S. L. Stiver, formerly of Potter's Mills. The *Globe-Democrat* prefaces Mr. Stiver's sermon with these remarks:

At the High Street Presbyterian Church yesterday morning, the pastor, Rev. S. L. Stiver, preached a sermon on the Relation of God's Wrath to His Love. The Rev. Mr. Stiver is a recent graduate of the Union Theological Seminary, of New York, and has had charge of the High Street Congregation since September last Under his ministration the attendanse on the various services has increased, and the members of the church look forward to a hopeful future. The pastor is a gentleman of medium stature, young in years, who has evidently prepared himself for the sacred duties of his office by careful and thorough training. His discourses are characterized by logical strength and an originality and freshness of thought.

"I wonder, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever yet live to be five hundred or a thousand years old?" "No my child," responded the old man: "that was tried once and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."

——Harper's Magazine, for January, is an excellent number and contains a large amount of interesting and valuable reading matter, which every one should read. It is also profusely illustrated. This is one of the best publications in the country, and now is a favorable time to subscribe. Published at $4 a year. Address Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

——More Christmas goods, of a real substantial nature, have been purchased at Sechler's grocery, than at any three other houses in the county. All families have resorted to Sechler's in order to lay in a store over the holidays, of Sechler's sugars, coffees, teas, dried and canned fruits, cheese, vegetables, meats, nuts, candies, syrups, and so on, and in consequence there has been pretty good living among our people. They got the purest, freshest and best, for Sechlers keep none others, and they sell at a trifle above cost. They have the largest trade in the county, because it is known as headquarters, where you can get any thing and get it right.

——Very suitable Holiday presents can be purchased at Green's drug store, in the Bush house block. Call and see what he has.

——Go to Brown's, near the depot, with your grain, you get the highest prices there. He keeps the cheapest coal, and all kinds.

——Try the Howe before you get any other sewing machine—A. C. Moore, agent, Milesburg, will give you one on trial.

——If you want the best fitting and cheapest shirt in the State, or any other clothing, go to the Eagle Clothing hall, there's the place where you get it.

——Ask for Green's Compound Syrup of Tar and Honey, if you suffer from coughs or affections of the throat. The best remedy out.

— Dr. Graff states that the decay of a dead body underground, requires from 60 to 80 years,

CHRISTMAS.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS. 1 Tim. 1, 15

Future events often cast their shadows before them. This was so of the Revolutionary war, 1776, the war of 1812, and the great Rebellion in 1861. And so there were signs of the coming of the Son of man—indications that the Redeemer of Israel was about to make His debut. The prophecies were full of intimations of this kind, e. g., Gen 49 10. The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor the law giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be. Read also the 35 and 53 chapters of Isaiah. Isaiah seems to have written history rather than prophecy. He enlarges both on the humiliation of Christ, and the glory which was to follow. But the *important event* predicted by Isaiah, Paul declares *has* happened, viz.: That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

An important question: WHO WAS JESUS CHRIST? The solution of this question involves two things:

1. His Divinity. He was the Son of God. He was the Wonderful, Counseller, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Is. 9. 6. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. John 1 1. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not any thing made that was made. John 1. 3. He upholds all things by the word of his power. Heb 1. 3. Napoleon said to Hartranft: Jesus Christ was no man. I have seen men—Cæsar, Nelson, and myself, have founded Empires. We did it by military power. Christ founded his kingdom by love, and millions would die for Him to-day. Jesus Christ is no man.

2. His Humility. He was the Son of man. He was the son of David. Matt. 1 1 Jesus himself said: The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head Matt. 8. 20. He increased in wisdom and stature, and favor with God and man Lk. 2. 52 The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us,—full of grace and truth. John 1. 14. He was the man Christ Jesus. 1 Tim. 2 5. To sum up, He was the *God-man*

A FAITHFUL SAYING—Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. This is an undoubted truth—a certain fact. Attested,

1. By the prophets, who foretold his coming—e. g. Jacob Gen. 49. 10. Isaiah 53 Zechariah, etc.

2. By the apostles who saw Him by sight.

3. By his enemies—Pliny, A. D. 107, Tacitus, 110, Suetonious, 116, Porphyry, 250, and Julian, 350. These all attest the great doctrine proclaimed by St. Paul—witness for the faithful saying.

4. The Centurion does the same thing, saying, Truly this was the Son of God. Matt. 27 54.

5 The experience of thousands who have felt the power of this *faithful saying* in the regeneration of their hearts and the sanctification of their souls, attest its truth. Read Rom. 2 6. I am not ashamed of the gospel, it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth.

6. The effects of this saying on society everywhere, show that it is true. Swearers, blasphemers, Sabbath breakers, drunkards, etc., are reformed and changed into good and pious men. Horse racers, gamblers and prostitutes have been renewed and saved. Paul, a persecutor could say from experience, This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. This is certainly not only a *faithful*, but an *effectual* saying. Now that the 1879th anniversary of the incarnation of the world's Redeemer is near at hand, there should be a grateful and befitting commemoration of this wonderful event in the history of our Redemption. Let not the example of Paul be forgotten, who said: Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.

"Ye saints, proclaim abroad
The honors of your King,
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing."

J. T., Aaronsburg, Pa.

CHRISTMAS EVE,

Clear and bright the stars are shining,
Pure the cold snow drifts lie,
Wreathed fantastic round each hamlet,
Nestling vale and mountain high.

From the tower the ice gems glitter,
Sparkling in the frosty light,
While the chimes from out the belfry
Ring the story of this night:

Telling how in ancient Jewry
Once the Savior, Christ, was born,
Lay a baby in a manger,
Suffering poverty and scorn;

Telling all his life of anguish,
All his love for sin and men,
How he lived and toiled and suffered,
How he died and rose again.

Year by year they ring this story,
Bringing life and hope to earth,
Rolling back the mist of ages
To the hour of his birth.

And anew we deck the altar
With the ever living green,
Where so oft, by faith discerning,
Emblems of his love are seen.

So, oh, Christ, thy Church has ever
Brought its Savior to its breast,
Asking nought on earth beside Thee,
Thou dear source of all its rest.

THE SNYDER COUNTY MURDER.—On Monday of last week, says the Lewisburg Journal, 18, the case of Com. vs Emanuel Etinger, Jonathan Moyer, Israel Erb and Perry Bickhart was tried at Middleburg. They were charged with the murder of John Kintzler and wife on the night of the 8th of December, 1877, who resided in Adams township, that county. The counsel for the Commonwealth were Simpson, Van Gezer and Grimm; for the defendants, Linn & Dill and T. J. Smith. It was moved by the counsel for the prisoners to try the cases separately, and the Commonwealth decided to try Erb first. The principal witness for the Commonwealth was Miss Mary Hartley. The defendants opposed the receiving of her evidence on the ground that she was an accomplice. The court ruled to accept her evidence, but said it appeared from the information he had as if she was an accomplice but her evidence could be received by the jury if the Commonwealth by other witnesses corroborated the material points of her testimony. Miss Hartley testified that she was in the company of the prisoners on the evening of the murder and near by when the murder was committed, and her evidence was strong proof of the guilt of the parties. But the Commonwealth was unable to produce other witnesses to corroborate her evidence. The defendants presented numerous witnesses (most of whom were relatives of the parties implicated) to prove that the prisoners were not out that night, etc. At the close of the evidence Messrs. Simpson and Van Gezer addressed the jury for the Commonwealth and Messrs Linn and Dill for the defendants. Judge Bucher in his charge to the jury referred to the evidence of Mary Hartley as that of an accomplice and that the material parts of her evidence were not corroborated by other witnesses. The jury went out about 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon, and came in at 8 in the evening, with a verdict of not guilty. There was no applause with this verdict, the general opinion being that the prisoners were guilty During the entire week the court room was crowded, and the whole county was aroused.

At a meeting of the Reformed Sunday School, at Centre Hall, held Dec. 18, 1878, the following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Brother George Hoffer and family are about to remove from our midst and thus sever their connection with our Sunday School to which they belonged since its organization, therefore,

Resolved, That it is with feelings of sadness and regret that we view this separation about to take effect, realizing that we sustain the loss of a worthy assistant superintendent, as well as one of our oldest and most faithful teachers, an efficient and devoted organist, a respected Librarian, and a number of our most regular and attentive scholars.

Resolved, That in their removal to another locality, we commend them to the confidence and christian fellowship of all Sunday school workers as members worthy of such confidence and love, assured that they will prove faithful co-workers in the interests of this department of Christ's kingdom.

Resolved, That these resolutions be engrossed on our minutes, that a copy of them be handed to Brother Hoffer and family as a token of our love and esteem for them, and that they be published in the Reporter. J. C. MILLER, *Sec'y.*

Who sells the new Howe Sewing Machine? Why A. C. Moore, who is the only authorized agent in Centre county. Office, Milesburg.

——Merry Christmas and happy New Year to all.

——Have you seen the new Howe machine? it works like a charm.

—Go to Sechlers for the best Groceries.

THE LAST OF JACK KEHOE

THE MOLLIE KING LAYS DOWN HIS SCEPTER ON THE GALLOWS AT POTTSVILLE.

The Sixteenth Mollie Executed Since the Hangings Began in the Coal Regions.

[Special to the Patriot.]

Pottsville, December 18.—Jack Kehoe was executed in the jail yard of this county to-day, and the event gives almost universal satisfaction in this community.

After Kehoe had been apprised by his wife yesterday afternoon that the last hope had fled she requested him to surrender one of his fixed purposes and permit the photographer to take his likeness for her benefit and that of his friends. He was accordingly escorted to the jail yard, where he removed his cloak and pipe and for two minutes, without exhibiting any nervousness, gazed into the camera. The picture was indifferent, and the photographer intended to take another but too much time was occupied in devotional exercises to repeat the experiment.

Kehoe had retired last night at eleven o'clock and says he slept soundly until six o'clock this morning, when he remarked to the underkeeper that he never felt better in his life. About half past seven this morning his spiritual advisers (two Catholic priests) were welcomed to his cell by the condemned, who entered into the high mass ceremonies with apparent zest. His wife, who remained almost under the shadow of the gallows until the final scene was also present during the progress of the religious exercises, she having entered the cell a short time previous to the arrival of the priests and had a final and affecting interview with her husband. Two Sisters of Charity also joined in the exercises.

About nine o'clock breakfast was served to the culprit, who ate sparingly, having for weeks been suffering from dyspepsia. After further religious exercises, about 10 15, the candidate for the gallows was put in readiness for the solemn march to the place of execution. The procession was headed by the sheriff and warden, followed closely by Kehoe and the officiating priests and the jury selected to hold the inquest. The atmosphere was piercingly cold and the snow was slowly falling. About 200 persons had assembled in the vicinity of the scaffold to witness the hanging, and as the famililiar form of the Mollie King emerged from the prison in which he had for over two years been incarcerated a rush was made to get a glimpse of his face. Kehoe had thrown over a black suit a cloak which he had worn before his arrest, and on the lappel of his coat a bouquet, furnished by his wife, was displayed. Kehoe stood up well under the trying ordeal, walking with steadiness nearly fifty yards and ascending the high steps leading to the gallows unassisted and without betraying any nervousness. He carried a taper in his hand which the wind extinguished before he reached the scaffold. The bold manner in which he walked into the jaws of death excited much surprise, the general impression, judging him by his frequent exhibitions of cowardice, being that he would break down under the strain, one of his old associates, who had saved his neck by squealing on his partners in crime, having stated a few days ago that the Mollie king would have to be carried to the gallows. Even while the fatal rope was dangling about his shoulders he appeared unmoved. As the time approached for the hanging he quietly removed the cloak and received the embraces of his priests and exchanged kisses with them. He afterward embraced the warden and imparted a kiss on his neck, when the platform was cleared of all but the sheriff and his deputy, who remained to adjust the necessary paraphernalia about the culprit. Before the performance of this exercise the sheriff asked Kehoe whether he had anything to say. The Mollie, with head erect, declared that he was not guilty of the murder of Langdon and that he did not see the crime committed. As this statement was in imitation of those of a number of the most notorious Mollie Maguire murderers the dying declaration confirmed rather than shook the belief entertained of Kehoe's connection with the murder of Langdon, an impression having prevailed among members of the order that actual participation in murder was required to constitute guilt. Having made his last speech he assumed a prayerful attitude, and until the white bag hid his face from view his lips were in motion as if he were engaged in supplication. The trap was sprung about half past ten, and the chief of the murderous organization was suspended between heaven and earth. The body remained stationary a few minutes, when violent convulsive movements ensued, which clearly indicated that he was dying by strangulation. From the hips down the body was drawn up at least a score of times. Nine minutes after the platform fell Kehoe was pronounced dead, and two minutes afterward he was cut down. The rope, in spite of the care exercised by Sheriff Matz in its adjustment, slipped around to the front and caught a little to the left of the chin, making a distinct gash. The right eye was slightly lacerated. The body was placed in a patent ice casket by an undertaker who had it in charge and conveyed to his residence. Thence it was taken on a special train to Frackville and from there to Shenandoah, where it will be waked for two nights. On Friday it will be conveyed by train to Tamaqua, where the interment will take place.

After the remains of the fallen Mollie had been removed from the jail yard the large prison gates were thrown open and the anxious crowd on the outside admitted to see the gallows and other paraphernalia of an execution. Among the hundreds who rushed toward the tragic scene were many women, who appeared to be even more morbidly curious than the men Among the legacies left by Kehoe was a card, written by himself, thanking his spiritual advisers, counsel and others for the kindnesses shown him.

FATHER AND MOTHER KILLED BY TWO SONS AND A BROTHER AND SISTER SHOT.

Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 14, 1878.—A most appalling tragedy occurred on the 11th inst., between the members of a family named Epperson, residing in the lower part of Hancock county, a few miles from Thornhill, near the scene of the Lee and Leger murders, which occurred a year ago. It appears that from incompatibility of temperament, or some equally valid cause, Mr. J. N. Epperson and his wife could not live pleasantly together in their old age, though the parents of a large family, and a separation was the result—the self-divorced husband leaving home. On Wednesday morning, however, he returned, and it was not long before he and his wife from quarrelling proceeded to blows. At this juncture John Epperson, a one-armed son endeavored to protect his mother, whereupon his father drew a pocketknife and inflicted four serious wounds on his remaining arm. A fearful struggle ensued, in which the son succeeded in wresting the knife from the grasp of his father, and immediately dealt the old man a fatal blow, the blade penetrating the heart and producing instant death.

Soon after the above occurrence another son, Thomas Epperson, returned home, and seeing the evidences of the bloody tragedy before him, asked John if he took his father's part in the fight with their mother? His brother answered, "No; I took mother's part." Thomas thereupon rejoined, "Then I will take father's part," and, drawing a pistol, began firing at his brother, who ran into the house, Thomas following. The mother attempted to keep him from entering, but, with all his worst passions aroused to the highest pitch, he raised his arm and fired a pistol ball through her breast, from the effects of which she died in a few moments.

Without an instant's pause after the commission of this fiendish act the murderer continued firing at his brother John, whom, however, he failed to hit, though he shot another bother, George Epperson, through the thigh, inflicting a severe flesh wound, and with another bullet shattered the knee of one of his sisters who was in the room, the horrified witness of the bloody acts, though powerless to prevent them. It is feared the girl cannot recover.

After committing the atrocious crimes, Thomas Epperson fled from the scene of murder and has not yet been apprehended.

John Epperson surrendered himself to the authorities, but was acquitted, the Coroner's jury finding that, in killing his father, he only acted in self-defence.

DEATH OF BAYARD TAYLOR, THE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GERMANY.

Berlin, December 19.—Bayard Taylor, minister of the United States, died at four o'clock this afternoon. The fatal symptoms came on suddenly. He had been out of bed and was transacting business with the officials of the American legation yesterday. His death was peaceful and painless.

—Bayard Taylor was born at Kennet Square, Chester county, Pa., on 11 January, 1825. He was a poet, author, newspaper contributer, a great traveler, and at the death American Minister at Berlin, Germany.

BROTHER AND SISTER HANGED.

The Father and Another Son Sent to the Penitentiary for the Same Murder.

Savannah, Dec. 19.—Raymond and Ellen Osgood, brother and sister, were hanged in Liberty County to-day for the murder of Sam Gauldin. On the night of Oct. 12 Gauldin went to the house of Simon Osgood to inquire about a debt which he owed Osgood, and which Osgood had given to a constable to collect. There was a dispute, and Simon Osgood, with three of his sons and a grown daughter beat Gauldin with sticks, fence rails, and a hoe. He died the next day. Two of the sons, Henry and Raymond, are grown men; the other, James, is youth of 18 years, the girl, Ellen, is about 19. Henry escaped, but all the others were arrested and tried. The old man, Simon, was found guilty of voluntary manslaughter and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary; Raymond and Ellen were convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged to-day, and James, convicted of involuntary manslaughter, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

A STEAMER SUNK AND 100 LIVES LOST.

London, December 19.—A dispatch just received says the French steamer Byzantine sunk with one hundred and fifty persons aboard, the result of a collision with the English steamer Rinaldo, near Gallipolli.

The steamer was lost on the Sea of Marmora, near Gallipolli, and about one hundred and fifty miles from Constantinople. The Byzantine was commanded by Captain Dueros and owned at Marseilles, France.

The report that one hundred and fifty lives were lost by the disaster to the steamer Byzantine is confirmed. Four teen persons only were saved from the steamer.

MORTIN AND HUHN SENTENCED TEN YEARS TO THE PENITENTIARY.

Philadelphia, December 17.—John S. Morton, ex-President of the Market Street Railway Company, and Samuel Huhn the ex Treasurer, who had pleaded guilty some time ago to one count in an indictment charging them with forging 11,000 shares of stock of the company, making a total valuation of $1,100,000, were this morning on motion of the District Attorney, sentenced to an imprisonment of ten years each in the Eastern Penitentiary.

FOUR OUT OF A FAMILY OF SIX BURNED TO DEATH.

Cohoes, N. Y., December 19.—At half past ten o'clock last evening a fire was discovered in the tenement, No. 42 Bowery street, in the Fifth ward. Upon the arrival of the firemen it was ascertained that Patrick Rourke, his sons Timothy, Martin, Owen and William, aged respectively 16, 11, 9 and 5 years, and two daughters, Mary aged 22 and Bridget aged 13, were in the building. The two girls were rescued, the older one is so badly burned that she cannot survive, while the younger one was comparatively uninjured. Mr. Rourke died soon after being taken from the building. The boys were all dead when found.

MOTHER AND CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.

Allentown, Pa., December 19.—At Trichlers' Pa., to day, the clothing of a child of Mrs. Minich took fire during her temporary absence, and in the efforts to extinguish the flames the mother and child were burned to death.

AFGHANISTAN.

Flight of the Ameer Confirmed.

London, December 29.—A correspondent with General Browne reports that the British are on the march from Jelalabad.

Jumrood, December 20.—It is again reported that the Ameer has fled, leaving his son, Yakooth Khan, in power.

One day's crimes in Texas, as reported to the Cincinnati Enquirer: At Dallas, in a disturbance in a drinking-saloon, Frank Lantry was stabbed and killed. At Fort Worth, in a bar-room quarrel, one man threw a lamp at another; result, a fire, in which six houses were burned and a man roasted alive. At Lancaster a gang of counterfeiters was broken up. At Paris the body of a man butchered with an axe was found. At Lawrence the postmaster was arrested for embezzlement. At Meridan fifty masked men entered the jail and riddled two prisoners with buckshot. At Caldwell Sydney T. Hudson killed George Rawland, the seducer of his sister At Jewett Berry Worms was beaten and left for dead, while trying to recover stolen goods; the posse killed one of the thieves.

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling!
She never saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looks so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all,
Why Santa wouldn't be looking
For any thing half so small!

I know what we'll do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan,
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma—
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner so,
And write a letter to Santa
And fasten it on to the toe.

"This is the baby's stocking,
That hangs in the corner here,
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby!
And now before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies
From the top clean down to the toe."

——SCIENCE IN STORY.—Is a great work for the young, and the secular and the religious press all over the country have spoken in highest terms of it. It is humorous, instructive and just the thing to give children a knowledge of themselves. Its author is Dr. E. B. Foote, who wrote Medical Common Sense Science in Story is in five volumes, for $5, or in one compact volume for $2. Sent postage prepaid on receipt of price. Evidences of Dr. Foote's Success as a writer and practitioner is mailed free. If you wish to consult Dr Foote, address letter to 120 Lexington Avenue, New York City. If you wish for any of his publications address Murray Hill Publishing Company, 129 East 28th Street, New York City.

Paint which is put on in the Fall will last nearly or quite as long again as the same grade which is appied in the Spring or Summer. The extreme hot weather of Summer months is not favorable either for the preservation or the fine appearauce of paint.

The quickest way to expel foul air from a well is to heat a bar of iron red hot, and lower it down into the water the sudden formation of steam is effectual.

THE FARMER'S MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Centre County, Pa.—Centre Hall, Dec 21, 1878 The Annual meeting of the Members and election of 12 Directors to manage the affairs of the Company for the ensuing year, will be held at the house of D. Hoover, at Centre Hall, on Monday, January 13, 1879 between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m of said day. Members generally are requested to attend.
D. F. LUSE, Sec'y. HENRY KELLER, Pres't.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's parents in Milton, Pa., on Tuesday, December 17th, 1878, by Rev. A. D. Yocum, of this place, Mr. A. O. Furst of Bellefonte, Pa., to Miss Carrie W. Chamberlain, of the former place

At Berwick, Columbia county, on Thursday, Dec 19 1878, by Rev. Wilbur F. Reader, Esq., of Bellefonte, to Miss Lillie Gotwalt, of Berwick, Pa.

DIED.

In Lewisburg, Dec. 16th, Mrs. Duncan, wife W. C. Duncan, Esq., aged about 51 years. Deceased was formerly of Millheim.

Near Lemont, Pa., on 19th, of paralysis, John Etters, aged 84 years, 8 months and 24 days.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Common Pleas of Centre county, No 99, Aug. T. 1877. Lev. Fa. No. 141, Aug. T. 1878.
Thos. McCoy use of the heirs of Wendell Bartholomew, dec'd, vs. George Bartholomew.
The auditor appointed by thesaid Court to distribute the funds in Sheriff's hands, arising from the sale of defendant's real estate, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment on Friday the 3rd day of January 1879, at his office in Bellefonte, at 10 o'clock of said day, where all parties interested may attend. W. F. REBER, Auditor.
19 de

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county No. 258, Nov. T. 1877. Lev. Fa. No. 113, Aug. T. 1878.
Bellefonte B. and L. Association vs. Ruhl and Gault.
The undersigned auditor appointed by the Court to distribute the fund in the hands of the Sheriff, arising from the sale of the Real Estate of Ruhl and Gault, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to his duties at the office of Alexander & Bower, in the borough of Bellefonte, on Monday the 13th day of January, 1879, at 10 o'clock a. m., of which all parties take notice.
H. A. McKEE, Auditor.
19 dc 3t.

SPECIAL OFFER.

FOR 1879.

We will pay the Postage and send The New York

Weekly World,

An Eight Page Newspaper,

From Now Until January 1st, 1880,

FOR

ONE DOLLAR,

50 Cents for Six Months,

OR

10 Cents to January 1, 1879.

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TO CLUB AGENTS.—An extra copy for club of ten, separately addressed The Semi Weekly World for club of twenty, separately addressed. The Daily World for club of fifty, separately addressed.

TERMS: Cash in advance. Send Post-Office money order, bank draft or registered letter. Bills sent by mail will be at risk of sender.

Addition to club lists may be made at any time in the year at the above rates.

Specimen copies, posters, &c., sent free wherever and whenever desired. Address all orders to "THE WORLD,"
12dec6t 35 Park Row New York.

Croup can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grate and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quick as possible. Almost insantaneous relief will follow.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre county, to distribute the funds in the hands of the administrator of John Rishel, dec'd, who was executor of the estate of Peter Durst, dec'd, as shown by the first, second and third partial accounts filed, and also to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the fourth and final account of the said executor as filed by the said administrators, and make distribution to and amongst those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, in Bellefonte, on Saturday, the 9leventh day of January, A. D. 1879, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day. D. F. FORTNEY, Auditor.
12 dec 3t

GENTS WANTED FOR OUR GREAT WORK NOW IN PRESS. THE INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
Being a complete history of all the important industries of America, including Agricultural, Mechanical, Manufacturing, Mining, Commercial and other enterprises. About 1000 large octavo pages and 300 fine engravings.
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Beautiful Photographic Transparencies of Statuary and Engravings for the window.
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Catalogues of Lanterns and Slides, with directions for using, sent on receipt of ten cents. 12dec6t

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Importers of
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Supply Teas to Storekeepers, in original packages, at lowest import prices.
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is the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. It has the celebrated Concerto stop, which is a fine imitation of the Human Voice, and two and a half Octaves of bells tuned to perfect harmony with the reeds, & their effect is magical & electrifying. WATERS' CLARIONA, ORCHESTRONA, CONCERTO, VESPER, CENTENNIAL CHIMES, CHAPEL, and COTTAGE ORGANS, in Unique French Cases are in every respect FIRST CLASS.
WATERS' PIANOS, GRAND, SQUARE, and Upright, ARE THE BEST MADE, the Tone, Touch, Workmanship, & Durability Unsurpassed. Warranted for SIX YEARS. PRICES EXTREMELY LOW for cash. Monthly Installments received. A Liberal Discount to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, etc. AGENTS WANTED. Special inducements to the trade. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. Second-hand Instruments at Great Bargains. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers.
40 EAST 14th STREET, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, Box, 3567.
19dly

JOHNSON'S SILK FELT INSOLE PHILA. SEPT 26 1876
Composed of Wool and Silk Felted together with the Silk next to the foot. A sure relief for Rheumatism and proof against Cold and Damp Feet. Many a cold and the attendant consequences prevented by using these goods. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents. State size of shoe worn, and if for Gent, Lady or Child.
Canvassers and Agents do well with these goods. D. W JOHNSON,
19 dc 4t 323 Arch Street, Phil'a.

NEW MILLINERY STORE AT MILLHEIM.
MRS. ANNA M. WEAVER
Takes pleasure in announcing to the people of Millheim and vicinity, that she has opened a New and Elegant STOCK OF MILLINERY GOODS on Saturday, October 19th, 1878.
A full line of choice and fashionable goods always on hand at popular prices

Dressmaking, and all kinds of FAMILY SEWING with the new 6-tin Plaiter and Trimmer for making all kinds of side-knife, box and fan Plaits; Fluting Quilting, and Zephyring, will be a prominent feature of business. 24 oct 2m

100,000 Men and Women are Wanted, to make from $2 to $15 per day. Agents are now making that amount. Address, with one cent stamp, Rev. S. T. BUCK, Milton, Pa. 26 dec 4t

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—The books and vendue notes of the late Dr Peter Smith, dec'd., have been left with Wm. E Mingle, where all interested will please call and make settlement without further delay, as after January 1, 1879, the books and notes will be placed in hands of a Justice of the Peace for collection by legal process. 24 oct tf CHARLES SMITH, Ex.

PRIVATE SALE—A CHOICE FARM AND HOUSE AND LOT.—The following described property, of John Emmert, dec'd, situate in Harris twp., Centre county, one FARM, containing one hundred and thirty-three acres, more or less, bounded by lands of B. Everhart, dec'd, James Glenn, McFarlen, Dr. Henderson, dec'd, and others, is offered at private sale. The farm is well watered, a never failing stream of water running through the farm and within thirty yards of the barn, also, a well of never-failing water at the house, with good pump in it. The improvements are a large FRAME HOUSE, two stories high, almost new, a FRAME BANK BARN, forty-five by eighty feet and all other necessary outbuildings. This is one of the best producing farms in this section for all kinds of grain; is all limestone land. A large ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises.
For particulars inquire of Wm. Wertz on the farm
Also one HOUSE and LOT situated in Boalsburg, Centre county, the house is 2 stories high, with kitchen attached to it, and all necessary outbuildings, also a good stable, a never failing well of water with good pump. The lot is well set with fruit trees of best quality.
Also 2 acres and 123 perches of excellent land situated near the German Reformed church in Boalsburg, within two squares of above house
JOSIAH NEFF, Executor of J. Emmert, dec'd. Sept 5 tf

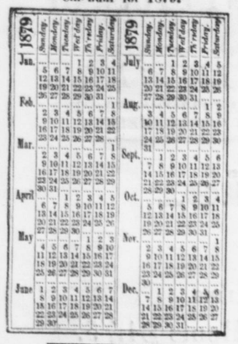
W. B. SHAFFER, SHOEMAKER,
Respectfully informs the citizens of Centre Hall and vicinity that he has opened a new shop in the old Bank Building. New work turned out according to style, and all kinds of repairing neatly done, and on short notice. Prices reduced and to suit the times. 7 feb.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Rooms!
EZRA KRUMBINE,
respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and has reduced the prices. He has constantly on hand and makes to order
BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.
His stock of ready made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship, and is all made under his immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.
Call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere. feb 20

The Fall Season for the year 1878 is now opening and a New and EXCELLENT STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODs IS COMING IN AT GUGGENHEIMER & CO.'S, CENTRE HALL, and which will be sold at LOWEST FIGURES. They have an immense stock and well assorted in every line. THEY HAVE *Dress Goods, Clothing, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, Notions, Groceries, &c., at Lowest Prices.*
IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST TO "PATRONIZE YOUR HOME MERCHANTS," INSTEAD OF GOING AWAY FROM HOME. GIVE US A CALL IMMEDIATELY. KEEPS THE BEST SOLE LEATHER—VERY CHEAP. ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER

NEWMAN King Clothier of Centre county.
IS SELLING IS SELLING IS SELLING IS SELLING
Winter Suits $3.50. Over Coats $2.50. Underwear 20c. Boots $1.75.
AND EVERY TH

Calendar for 1879.



FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Notes for Orchard and Garden.

Destroy the eggs of the tent caterpillar if seen on the ends of the twigs.

Apply coarse manure around currants, gooseberries, hardy raspberries and blackberries; in the spring rake off the straw, and fork in the rest.

Pruning of large branches may be left until the severity of winter is over, but knife work may be done at any time; young trees may be cut back into shape, and large ones may be trimmed.

Root grafting may be done on stormy days; work upon one variety at a time, to avoid errors; as soon as grafted, place the roots in boxes of earth, correctly label, and keep in a cool cellar until spring.

A good cellar is an excellent place for storing plants that are used for summer decoration, and as a reserve place for winter plants. Being dormant, they need but very little water, but they should not be allowed to dry out altogether.

Bulbs in pots, when they have made roots, which may be known by turning out the ball, are to be brought into the greenhouse, or warm room, where they are to flower. It is better to bring forward but a few at a time—say at the interval of a week or so—in order to have a long succession of bloom.—*American Agriculturist.*

Seeds should be cleaned, properly labeled and put away in a dry, cool place. Keep no stock concerning which there are doubts as to kind or quality. Some seeds, like the parsnip, are not good the second year, while others, like cucumber, etc., keep good a long time; hence a seed need not always be discarded because it is old. The works on gardening usually state the time that the seed of each vegetable retains its vitality.

The orchard is the only part of the farm that is expected to yield two crops, and so long as the practice prevails of taking off a crop of hay or grain in addition to one of fruit, so long shall we have complaints of bitter rot and other evils. Not only should the land be given up to the trees, when of bearing age, but these should be manured, if not every year, at least every third year, but not by putting a small heap next to the trunk, but by spreading a good dressing over the whole surface. If the season allows, this may be spread now and turned under by shallow plowing. If the ground is frozen, draw out the manure and leave it until spring.

Recipes.

RICE CAKES.—Take one cup of cold boiled rice, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two eggs beaten lightly and milk to make this a thick batter. Beat all well together and bake on a griddle.

POP CORN BALLS.—These are easily made. To one gallon of pop corn take half a pint of molasses, or sugar; put into a skillet and let it boil up once; pour it over the corn; grease your hands with sweet butter and make the whole into balls of such size as you please.

FORCE-MEAT BALLS.—Chop two pounds of very fine veal, one onion, parsley, quarter of a pound of suet or salt pork; season with cayenne pepper, salt, sweet marjoram and thyme. Mix all together; make into small balls, and fry a light brown. Put into the soup cold just before serving.

KIDNEY STEW.—Take a large beef kidney, cut all the fat out, cut it up in slices; then let it lay in cold water, with a teaspoonful of salt added, fifteen minutes; wipe dry, then put it in the pot with three half-pints of cold water; let it boil two hours; half an hour before it is done, add one large onion-slice; one teaspoonful of powdered sage, a very little grated nutmeg, and pepper and salt to season well; serve hot, with mashed potatoes.

DELMONICO PUDDING.—Boil a quart of milk over a slow fire, stirring frequently, as if preparing Devonshire cream. Stir in the yelks of four eggs, beaten to a froth, four tablespoonfuls of corn starch wet with milk, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a pinch of salt. When the mixture thickens pour it into a tin kettle, set in cold water or ice to prevent curdling. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a drop or two of vanilla; pour the pudding into a baking dish, frost with the egg and brown in the oven.

Grafting.

Every fruit grower should be competent to do his own grafting, says an exchange. The process is so very simple that any one possessed of common ingenuity should be able to perform it, after having once seen it done. For the most satisfactory results, it should be attended to while the tree is young and vigorous. If the tree is of considerable size, it is best to graft only a portion of the top in a single year, as in this way the orchardist to some extent avoids the injury that may result from removing a large portion of the top at once. If he does the grafting himself, he ought to know what kind of fruit he will get as the result. If he employs others to do it, or purchases his trees of traveling agents, he will, too often, be disappointed in this respect. If he cannot see to the matter personally, in procuring his trees direct from good, reliable nurserymen, I would recommend him to procure seedling trees from his own vicinity, if possible, and graft them himself while they are small—say the second or third year after transplanting. He will thus avoid being imposed upon as to the varieties, and have trees accustomed to his climate and soil, and which have not been forced into early and rapid growth in the highly-cultivated grounds of the nursery.

The orchardist should make a regular map of his orchard, on which he should carefully mark, legibly and plainly, the names of the several varieties, in their proper places. This is better than to rely on labels, which are so liable to be changed or lost. It is well to have trees of the same variety planted near each other, and not scattered promiscuously through the orchard. There should be some system about it.

Washington's Rebuke.

Gen. Washington was dignified in manner and speech. He exacted appropriate consideration for himself and his position; but he exhibited a trait rare among men of high station—he was always considerate toward his associates. An anecdote illustrates this high-bred courtesy, and also his tender sympathy:

Stopping one day during the war at a house in New Jersey, he found there a wounded officer. The man was confined to his bed, and was so feeble that the least noise agitated him. Washington spoke in such a low tone, and while at dinner was so quiet, as to influence his officers to a similar consideration for the wounded man.

When he had dined he left the room, and the officers, unrestrained by his presence, forgot in their hilarity the poor sufferer. Suddenly the door opened quietly, and Washington entered on tip-toe, walked to the mantel, took a book, and without uttering a word quietly retired.

The delicate suggestion, too courteous for a hint, was not lost. It was followed by a considerate quietness.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

News and Notes for Women.

One lady still remains at Judge Hilton's hotel in New York for the original price of $7 a week.

Miss Grace C. Bibb has been appointed a member of the faculty of the State university, at Columbus, Mo., at a salary of $2,000.

Miss Sarah H. Leggett, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has opened a home for young women, where, for four dollars a week, they enjoy the social life of a family.

The crown princess of Prussia is a sensible woman. When she visits an exhibition she goes in a simple black silk gown, with a straw hat with black band and a veil.

A writer of fashions observes that the head dresses of ladies among the Greeks didn't destroy the contour of their heads. The dressings of the hair of some of the modern girls have a decided tendency that way. Fists and other designs applied to the heads produce awkward bumps.

Miss Maxwell Graham, an ancient and somewhat eccentric maiden of England, has left one hundred thousand dollars to four charitable societies, wherewith to relieve poor Protestants who are named Hutchinson or Maxwell, and to educate their children.

The French government, during the summer, sent the school teachers, composed largely of ladies, to visit the Paris exposition, and paid their expenses for them. They were in batches of one thousand at a time, holding conferences in the morning and then dividing into parties to visit different points and study systematically.

Misses Roxanna and Elizabeth Lowd, sisters, and Miss Elizabeth Whitcomb, are farmers in Warner, N. H., who own and work profitably a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. They superintend personally the farm work, do not hesitate even to take hold of a scythe, hoe and plow, and are seen almost every day in the field hard at work.

Miss Louise McLoughlin, whom the Cincinnati *Commercial* describes as a young Cincinnati lady, slender, with large eyes and a delicate, bright face—a peculiarly American face, full of intellect and refinement—has discovered the famous process of underglaze painting pottery, which, if not the identical Haviland process, is one so similar that it appears to produce the same effect. The *Commercial* wonders, in view of that city's having almost everything else, why it should not have a famous art pottery.

Woolen Suits.

Short suits of woolen goods trimmed are the accepted street costume for the winter. Now that fashions are settled definitely, India cashmeres and clothes of solid color are found to be most popular. They are combined with embossed velvet, moire satin, and striped goods that are partly velvet and partly satin; sometimes a third fabric is added for facings. Silk of inexpensive quality is used for the foundation skirt, to prevent the costume being too heavy, but the silk is seldom seen, as the flounces are usually of wool. There are, however, stylish plans of making wool costumes in which silk plays a conspicuous part, viz., when three deep flounces are put on the back part of dresses with apron drapery, and in the revers polonaises that turn back from the front and disclose two or three flounces of silk on the front breadths. Such polonaises are called the Trianon, and their jaunty shape is an excellent design for remodeling the princess polonaises of last season. To do this the side seams of the skirt are ripped open as far up as the his s; the fronts are then cut off short enough to dispense with any cross-way folds, and turned back in a broad three-cornered revers to the middle seam, leaving the buttoned part below the waist about as long as a plain cuirass basque. The revers is then covered on the outside with silk, satin or moire, and the side seams are sewed again, leaving all the length possible in the back to be bunched up in bouffant drapery by means of several tapes. The lower skirt worn with this polonaise requires deep trimming on the front breadths, such as very narrow kilt-plaiting beginning so high that the top is hidden under the short front of the polonaise; this plaiting is usually of the wool of the polonaise. When something more dressy is required, three plaited flounces of silk cover the front breadths. This suit has been prettily made in dark blue ladies' cloth, with revers and flounces of blue silk with tiny polka dots of white. A vest of the silk may be laid on the front, or else a wide fall may be sewed in the side seams under the arms.

The reverse of this, with the plaited flounces behind, is also very fashionable; but care is required that the flounces be very full and well lapped, and that they do not extend too far forward on the sides. Ladies who prefer black suits use camel's-hair and embossed velvet together, and pipe them with satin. The vest is of the velvet, and the camel's-hair basque is double-breasted, and buttons across it. For cloth short suits seal brown is the favorite color, and is very handsome with either striped or embossed velvet. For dressy suits the overskirt is made on the lower one, and in many parts of the dress is the only skirt over the foundation; this does away with the great weight. The plainer cloth suits are merely long round over-skirts and basques that may be worn with any black silk or velvet skirt. Young ladies wear garnet cloth or camel's-hair suits that have many pipings of satin of the same color, or else the striped velvet forms trimming. Plaited wool flounces are often made more dressy by a bias band of satin an inch wide laid on an inch above the lower edge of the flounce. The gray suits most worn are of the checked suitings or cloth mixtures such as gentlemen have lately worn; these are simply made, and their only ornament is rows of stitching and large smoked pearl buttons. A few more dressy gray suits are enlivened by garniture of maroon velvet. It is, however, a matter of comment that few somber-colored costumes are worn at present; garnet of a very dark rich shade, myrtle green, duck-breast blue, and very red-tinted seal brown are the colors most used in suits; navy blue and gray have in a measure lost favor as complete suits, though often used in combinations.—*Bazar.*

Geneva's Three Industries.

The Genevans who do not engage in the laundry business chiefly manufacture watches and musical boxes. There are clocks and watches of all kinds and styles exhibited by the acre, but the Swiss watchmaker is in sore dread of his American competitor, and is sorrowing because one of his chief markets is thus gradually closing against Swiss wares. But in musical boxes Geneva takes the front rank. When the hotel is entered you hear them playing on all sides, even in the elevator, and the automatic singing birds chirp out their pretty songs among the flowers that decorate the dinner table. The city is full of large manufactories of these boxes, and the reader will miss nothing by coming with me a few moments into one of them. You enter and shut the door behind you, and it strikes up a tune; you sit down in a chair, and it plays the "Marseillaise;" a foot-stool is placed to you, and the moment your foot is upon it it starts up "Coming Thro' the Rye." If thirsty, the water pitcher you lift and the glass you drink from all play tunes. You look at pretty work-boxes and jewel caskets, and on opening the lids some will start music, while out of others jump little birds to carol their lays. A complete orchestra of monkeys, with the most amusing gyrations, play the Swiss favorite airs, while if you take a cigar, the cigar case opens to music, and the clock cannot strike without giving an opera overture. Music is concealed in everything around, and a hundred pretty miniature Swiss cottages stand on the shelves to discourse music if started. The ingenuity of the Swiss in thus putting music into everything is remarkable, and they are also wonderfully proficient in the manufacture of the more elaborate boxes, with harp, drum, bells, flutes and sometimes full orchestra accompaniments.—*Foreign Letter.*

Christmas Keeping in the Olden Time.

In England, in the olden time, a few days before Christmas, when the bustle of preparation was at its height in the houses of the rich, some of the servingmen would be sent out into the woods to cut an enormous log for the back of the Christmas fire. The fireplace was so large sometimes that the log, which took several men to lift, could be placed in it. When it was selected, it was drawn to the kitchen door with songs and much merriment, and on Christmas eve it was placed at the back of the wide chimney and a great roaring fire made in front of it. This was called the "Yule Log," and as long as it burned, the men and maids were entitled to keep holiday. Sometimes they were cunning enough to wet it well in the brook, so that it might last the longer.

When it was well a-burning, the merry-making of the evening began by a very curious procession. First came a man dressed in a long white robe, made generally by pinning a sheet around him, with white hair and beard, and a crown of holly and mistletoe, representing Father Christmas; then followed a great many singular-looking figures, each personating some Christmas dish, such as mince-pie, boar's head, or plum-pudding; then followed one dressed in priest's robes; he was called the Abbot of Unreason, and after him came a mixed company, dressed in the most fantastic way they could devise, and all with some Christmas decoration. The actors in this "mumming" show, as it was called, were generally servants, farm-hands or poor people who lived in the neighborhood. The "mummers" would go about from house to house, and everywhere they were made welcome, and after acting out their parts they were entertained with all manner of good cheer, in the great hall, where fires were kept blazing, and where finally the evening ended with a dance, which was joined in by all the company in the house. The walls were hung with holly and mistletoe, and the scarlet berries of the one and the pure white of the other made gay garlands that reflected the light of the fire cheerily. A branch of mistletoe hung in the center of the hall, and if by accident a lady happened to stand beneath—of course it never happened except by accident—any gentleman who caught her there was entitled to a kiss, and somehow there were a good many kisses generally stolen on Christmas eve, probably because in dancing the ladies forgot to look for the mistletoe, and their partners did not. Many games were played at Christmas time then that are now happily almost forgotten. One was that of "snap-dragon," which occasioned a great deal of sport. In a darkened room a bowl of blazing spirits of wine was placed upon the table, and the party gathered around it. This bowl was filled with plums, which were to be snatched from beneath the flame without burning the fingers, and those accustomed to the sport became very adroit in winning the plums without gaining any scars. I think we may be glad that we have plays less rude for our holidays.

In Holland they had a great many pretty customs. In the small towns and villages a man dressed as Santa Claus, and loaded with presents, would go about the town on Christmas eve, and knocking at the door of a house, would inquire whether any good children lived there, and the parents would call the children and tell him how they had behaved, and whether they deserved any presents. When this old man had gone his rounds, and distributed his gifts, mostly among the younger children, the families would assemble round the Christmas tree, the tapers were lighted, and the presents of the parents to the children were taken from the tree, and afterward the children presented theirs to their parents. In England poor children used to go to the doors of their neighbors and sing carols, sometimes like those now sung in the churches, and people would bring them out fruit and cake, and sometimes money, but always something to make their eyes dance and their hearts beat gladly.

Novel Mode of Punishing Criminals.

The penitentiary management, determined not to be outdone by Edison, have introduced electricity as a mode of punishment. The statement having been made that prisoners exposed to this punishment suffered more than they did by the use of the ducking-tub, a reporter called at the prison and was shown the method of punishment by Deputy Warden Quinn and Dr. Drury, the prison physician. The electric apparatus is in a box ten inches in length, three inches high and three inches wide. It contains an electro-magnet. The prisoner is taken to the ducking-box, formerly in use in the insane department. He is stripped and blindfolded before coming in sight of the water-box, and is then led around a corner of the interior cell building, and placed in the box, handcuffed, but not shackled at the feet. The room is warm, having fire in it day and night. He sits down in water three inches in depth. One pole of the battery is placed in the water. A sponge is attached to the end of the other pole.

Deputy Warden Quinn superintends the punishment, which consists of touching the bare skin of the convict in various places rapidly, with the sponge. A prisoner turns a small crank attached to the electric apparatus. The concern is so small that it looks likes a toy, but it makes the subject of punishment yell sometimes as though he was badly hurt or badly frightened. The reporter did not witness a punishment, but is giving what he was told at the prison. Dr. Drury says this mode of punishment does no harm. In some cases he says it is a physical benefit. The punishment is said to be effectual, on account of the man being blindfolded. He has no idea where or when he is going to be touched, and is not nerved against it, as one would be who takes hold of the poles of a battery with his eyes open and his thoughts concentrated for the expected shock. It is said that the mode of punishment has reduced the visits to the room forty-five per cent. The dungeons have been dispensed with except five. About one per week is sent there. The water-box known as the ducking-tub is ten feet long, four feet high and three feet wide. It is painted red, and has a lid. When the lid is lifted up and turned back against the wall, the visitor reads on the under side of it, "Long Branch."—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

The "Twa Dogs."

A correspondent of *Forest and Stream*, who has been camping at Indian river, Florida, writes about his two favorite setters:

At the St. Sebastian river we remained some time, and here an accident befell which bereft the writer of a favorite setter. Poor Dash could not resist his instinct to retrieve, and while swimming the river one day in hot pursuit of a crippled duck, and deaf to all remonstrances of his master, a huge alligator rose to the surface.

A yell of terror from the doomed dog; the deadly sweep of the reptile's tail, the metallic clash of its jaws; a splash; a struggle, and poor old Dash sank to rise no more. Peace to his body!

It was also here that the surviving setter distinguished himself by a panic. While hunting quail one afternoon, about a mile from the boat, Don concluded to investigate a tangled swamp. In a few minutes a howl was heard, almost human in its agonized expression of terror.

Out of the swamp came the dog as an arrow from a bow, "each individual hair standing on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and, regardless of its master's appeals, sped frantically to the boat. Close behind him came a panther.

Whether the panther would have caught the dog or not must remain a mystery, for a couple of loads of birdshot, poured into the animal at short range, turned its course, and it sank away into the thicket. As it was nearly dark, and no buckshot handy, the writer declined to follow; but it was many days before poor Don recovered the tone of his nervous system.

A MAN BABY.

The Remarkable Case of a Man Twenty-Two Years Old Who is Still an Infant.

A New York paper says: In the second story of one of the low, rickety wooden buildings on the east side of Chatham street, in humble apartments, there lives one of the most curious of human monstrosities. It is a boy, or man, twenty-one years and six months old, having been born in 1857, that is in all respects, physically and mentally, nothing more than an overgrown infant. Its parents are Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Jenn of No. 165 Chatham street, industrious French people. The child was born on the 10th of June, 1857, and was christened Jule. Up to his eighth month he did not differ from other children, but at that age he was taken sick with the measles, and for six months it was thought that he could not live, one childish disease following rapidly upon another. His ailment, and the one to which his parents ascribe his deformity, was one that baffled the attending the physician, and is described by the father as "the English disease." Both physical and mental growth seemed to be arrested by this disease. The boy is not quite three feet high, but measures four feet around the waist, being inordinately corpulent. His head is well shaped, but looks much too large for his body, being more than two feet in circumference. His hands and feet are exceedingly small, like those of a one year old infant, and he weighs 160 pounds. Every effort has been made to educate him, but he is not capable of learning anything. When he was ten years old he was scarcely two feet high, but weighed almost 100 pounds. The physician who attended at his birth predicted that he would not live to be fourteen years old, but he is now in good health. The boy's skin is remarkably soft and white, like a baby's. All of his habits are childish, and he can speak only a few words, such as "papa," "mamma," "yes," and "no." His extreme corpulence prevents him from walking, but he is very active with his hands and feet. He amuses himself with childish toys, and is very shy when strangers are about. Ex-Police Surgeon Baker, who has watched the case closely for several years, says that it is the most wonderful case he ever heard of. The boy has been examined by a number of scientists, who have all come to the conclusion that he is a perfect baby in mind and body. His father has been approached by many showmen, who were anxious to add the boy to their list of attractions; but Mr. Jenn has declined every offer, not desiring to have his son exhibited to the public.

An Indignant Head and Neck.

A most extraordinary sensation has occurred in the American colony of London, writes a correspondent from the British metropolis. A young lady from Philadelphia was walking down Regent street with the mother and sister of a young gentleman of rank, when the attention of all three was attracted by some photographs of notable people and others exposed in a window, and they drew up to look at them. Fancy the astonishment of the American girl on seeing her own photograph exposed there among the others, but in the most amazing shape it is possible to conceive. Her head, her face, the arrangement of her hair, the turn of her neck, it was impossible to mistake; and there she was, almost as undraped as the Venus de Medici—in fact, got up in tights and fleshings and labeled "Mazeppa!" "What can this mean?" she cried to the elderly lady, her lips blanched with shame and terror.

"I really cannot tell you," replied Lady Disdain, with steel-hard eyes and icy voice. "You perhaps can tell us whether on any occasion in America you were in the habit of appearing in this dress?"

"Oh, what do you mean to insinuate," uttered the poor girl. "Do you think I ever stood as Mazeppa? Oh, how cruel of you to speak so."

"It is certainly your portrait," added the other lady.

By this time one or two bystanders had drawn up to the window, and noticing the likeness were nudging each other.

"It is some coincidence—of course; it cannot be meant for me."

"You had better take a cab and go home and tell your father about it," said the lady, still with her frigid manner. "My daughter and I have some calls to make."

In a half-dazed state of mind the young Philadelphian drove home and told her father of what had happened. To get back to that shop, to have that photograph out of that window, to demand an explanation of the stationer, was not the work of many minutes for the enraged father. But, though it was easy enough to demand an explanation, it was not so easy to get one. Suspicion falls upon the servants in the house, one of whom might easily have abstracted a photo out of a package of them, which has been kept hitherto in an unlocked drawer of the young lady's writing desk. Of course, it "took" in that picture; only the head and neck of the American lady's photograph, the rest that of some one else, and together the picture represents one of the most beautiful women it is possible to conceive. The matter has caused so much indignation and so much comment that it is not impossible it may check the mania now so prevalent among society beauties for having themselves photographed for sale at a shilling a *carte de visite*.

Disturbed by an Earthquake.

The newspapers long ago had their laugh over the deaf old lady who said "Come in" when the third shock of an earthquake had roused her just enough to fancy that "somebody rapped." Speaking of the late earthquake felt in Westphalia, a correspondent of the *Katholisches Volksblatt* writes:

Some of the effects of the earthquake were very laughable. A government official, as he went through his house on a tour of inspection after the first shock, found one of the maid-servants lying on the floor. She had a broomstick in her hand, and was groping about with it under the kitchen cupboard to strike that "horrible cat," which, while she was in the sitting-room, had been rattling among the dishes. She did not find any cat. The rattling had been caused by the earthquake.

An old man stood writing at his desk in his somewhat rickety house when the shock began. A crackling sound was heard through the house, and the walls appeared to tremble. At the same instant he heard a loud knocking at the door. He hastily tore open the window, and saw a beggar standing at his door. "Stop shaking my house! Now you'll get nothing at all!" he exclaimed; and it was the work of an instant to slam down the window angrily, as a rebuke for such wickedness.

Iron Product of the World.

A French statistician has furnished an estimate of the world's product to the Paris Exposition, which shows that in 1876 the whole amount footed up to 31,271,460,276 pounds or 15,785,730 tons of 2,000 pounds. The coal mined is about twenty times the weight of pig iron produced. The ratio of production in the leading iron producing countries is nearly as follows: Great Britain, 46½; United States, 17; Germany, 5½; France, 10 1-5; Belgium, 3 2-5; Russia, 3; Austro-Hungary, 2 4-5; Sweden, 2½. The iron product of the United States for 1876 is 5,380,719,707 pounds, or about 125 pounds for every inhabitant. The estimate to the authorities of Paris heretofore cited gives the total product of all countries of Bessmer steel for 1876 at 4,646,873,336 pounds, or 2,323,436 tons, of which one-one-fourth was made in the United States, a little over one-third in Great Britain, not quite one-fifth in Germany and one-tenth in France. The total steel made in 1876 would lay 22,116 miles of railway track, allowing twenty pounds to the foot of rail. The present rate of production would put steel rails upon all the railways in the world in less than ten years.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

O'Leary, champion pedestrian, walked 400 miles in 124 hours, in Philadelphia—making the distance forty-five minutes ahead of time.

After a week's successful exhibition the New York international butter and cheese fair closed with the award of prizes and diplomas. The premium of $100 for "best butter of any kind made at any time or place," was awarded to a firm in Monticello, Ia., and a like premium for the best cheese to a Bath (England) exhibitor.

Lull & Sage, extensively engaged in butter and cheese making at New Berlin, N. Y., have failed, with liabilities estimated from $200,000 to $400,000. The firm owned between thirty and forty factories.

The heavy storm that raged along the Atlantic coast, from Virginia to New Jersey, flooded the principal rivers and caused a partial suspension of traffic on a number of railroads.

The Boston city election resulted in the success of Prince, the Democratic candidate for mayor. In Lynn, Mass., the workingman's candidate for mayor, with the whole ticket of that party, was victorious. Worcester elected the citizens' candidate for mayor, and Lowell the Democratic nominee.

The heavy storm along the Atlantic coast extended to the interior of the Eastern and Middle States and proved one of the most disastrous ever experienced in the regions visited. Along the Hudson and in the surrounding country bridges, houses, mills and barns were swept away by the rising flood, canalboats were sunk and railroad travel impeded. Many insignificant streams became roaring torrents, tearing down and destroying everything in their path and doing an immense amount of damage. At Eddyville, N. Y., over twenty houses were swept away by the flood, the canal stables were submerged, and upward of one hundred horses and mules were drowned. At Rondout a number of schooners, sloops, barges and canalboats were either sunk or badly injured. Near Bellows Falls, Vt., an express train plunged into an undermined culvert—the fireman and express messenger were instantly killed and several others were injured in various degrees of severity. Another train near East Concord, N. H., plunged over an embankment where a washout had occurred, and four persons were severely injured. The railroads in that section all suffered severely—many washouts occurring and a number of bridges being swept away. At Westfield, Mass., alone, the loss to property of all kinds is estimated at over $300,000. The valley of the Passaic, in New Jersey, was flooded, and at Paterson hundreds of families were obliged to abandon their dwellings, which were partially inundated. The damage to property of every kind in Paterson and the surrounding region is almost incalculable. The mining town of Woodside, Pa., was entirely deserted, and fears were entertained that the entire place would be swept away. In that section—as elsewhere—the railroads suffered heavily. Many bridges were carried off by freshets; while the farmers also lost severely in farming property. The total loss by this calamitous storm will reach millions of dollars.

John W. Garrett has been unanimously re-elected president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for the twenty-first consecutive year.

A company in New York has been granted privileges to convey steam for heating purposes through mains under the streets of the city.

The New York Press club gave a reception to Colonel A. M. Keating, of the Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal*, in recognition of his unswerving fidelity to professional duty during the recent yellow fever epidemic.

Rev. A. S. Francis, an aged Methodist clergyman, was robbed in a most audacious manner, while getting out of a Brooklyn car, by four men, who held him despite his struggles, abstracted his pocket-book and then ran away.

Western and Southern States.

A fire a Macon, Miss., destroyed the entire business portion of the town, comprising four squares—inflicting a loss of $250,000; insurance, $100,000.

At Hamilton, Ohio, H. Weigle, proprietor of a beer garden, shot and killed his wife, and then put an end to his own existence. Alleged cause, family and financial difficulties.

Continued disturbances in Breathitt county, Ky., are reported. Four men were killed and six wounded in one day.

In regard to the cotton crops, reports from sixteen counties in North Carolina and Virginia say the yield this year will be about the same as last; and a similar average state of affairs is reported from Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee. In the river parishes of Louisiana the yield is estimated at twenty-five per cent. less than last year and in Arkansas fifteen per cent. larger. In South Carolina the average is given at seventy-eight per cent.—two per cent. more than last season.

Governor Hampton's recent accident while out hunting has necessitated the amputation of his broken leg six inches below the knee. On the same day that the operation was performed the South Carolina legislature appointed him to the United States Senate. The vote was taken separately in each legislative branch, and in the senate he received the unanimous vote of the senators present; while in the house two votes were cast for G. W. M. Mackey by colored members.

Flour dust in the Anchor mill at Minneapolis, Minn., became ignited and caused an explosion similar to that in a mill near by, last year, when many lives were lost. The Anchor mill was totally destroyed, entailing a loss of about $175,000 on mill and contents.

At a race in Stockton, Cal., the horse Rarus trotted a mile in 2:14½.

Two cattle thieves in Custer county, Neb., killed one of four herders who were trying to arrest them. Subsequently they were arrested by the sheriff of the county. That night twenty-five masked men overpowered the sheriff and his posse, who were taking the prisoners to the county seat for trial, tied the two men to a tree and burned them to death.

From Washington.

Edison has been granted a patent for his electric light by the patent office.

While the House committee on expenditures in the State department were examining G. Wiley Wells in regard to charges of corrupt practices against Mr. Seward, minister to China, an exciting episode occurred. Witness testified that the consul-general's docket had been torn out in an irregular manner, that pages had been torn out and that it had the "appearance of a butcher's book;" whereupon Mr. Seward, who was present, broke in with: "That is false!" To this Mr. Wells replied: "If you say so, you are a liar." The committee then interfered in the colloquy, assuring witness he would be protected, and informing Mr. Seward he must not speak to witness while under cross-examination, except through his lawyer.

The secretary of the treasury has issued the seventy-fourth call for the redemption of 5-20 bonds, principal and interest to be paid after March 9, 1879.

The bill offered in the Senate by Mr. Lamar, "to establish a department of public health," provides for the establishment of a department to acquire and diffuse among the people of the United States useful information on subjects connected with the public health, and to direct the management of efficient and sanitary quarantine systems throughout the several States and Territories. It authorizes the appointment of a director-general at a salary of $7,500 per annum, who shall perform all the duties and exercise all the powers now devolving upon the supervising surgeon-general of the marine hospital service, and that the latter office shall be abolished. The director-general shall also make and enforce all quarantine and other regulations for the prevention of epidemic diseases.

The Senate committee appointed to investigate allegations against Senator Matthews, decided to defer the adoption of a definite programme of action until the committee shall have obtained from the House a copy of the testimony of Anderson.

The Potter presidential election investigation committee, at its opening meeting, decided to send a sub-committee to New Orleans, to finish taking the testimony left incomplete last July.

Ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin has served a formal notice of contest on Seth H. Yocum (Republican and Greenback) for a seat in the next Congress from Pennsylvania.

Mr. Hewitt's committee to inquire into the causes of the present labor depression held a meeting and listened to the evidence of Isaac Cohen, the Washington labor agitator, upon the matter under investigation.

The House has passed a bill to regulate inter-State commerce—making it unlawful for any railroad to discriminate in freight charges, or to pool the freights of different lines by dividing between them their aggregate earnings.

The bill for the payment of invalid and other pensions for the next fiscal year—as it passed the House—appropriates $29,366,000, being $250,000 less than the amount estimated, and $5,500 less than the appropriation for the present fiscal year.

The department of agriculture makes a final estimate computation of the cotton crop for 1878, and says the acreage is about two per cent. greater than in 1877—an amount not large enough to affect materially the total product, being only 200,503 acres. According to the report the average production for 1878 is 191 pounds per acre; thus making the crop of 1878, in round numbers, 5,197,000 bales of cotton, allowing 450 pounds as the weight of a bale.

Foreign News.

The West of England bank, whose main office is at Bristol, with fifty branches, has failed for $17,500,000. The shareholders number 2,000, and their liability is unlimited. The failure caused the utmost consternation in South Wales.

The reply of the ameer of Afghanistan to England's ultimatum was evidently written after the defeat of the Afghans at Ali Musjid. Its abandons his defiant attitude, excuses his former refusal to receive an English embassy, expresses a desire to resume his former friendly relations with Great Britain, and says he will not oppose the visit of a small temporary mission from England.

The death of President Alcantara, of Venezuela, is announced.

Henry Wells, founder of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express company, born in New Hampshire in 1805, died in Glasgow, Scotland, the other day.

A cash box containing bonds, stock certificates and other valuable paper—in all amounting to over $100,000—was mysteriously abstracted from the safe in the office of Turnbull & Co., St. John, N. B.

In the house of commons Sir Stafford Northcote, chancellor of the exchequer, declared that England would not acquiesce in Russian interference in Afghanistan in any form.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Senate.

Several petitions were presented in favor of the bills granting arrears of pensions, and in regard to emigrants....Mr. Windom presented resolutions proposing the remodeling of the patent system....Mr. Garland submitted a resolution for the revision of the Indian Territory laws, and to deliver 4½ per cent. bonds to the Indian nations in lieu of moneys held for them by the United states, which was agreed to.....A resolution was also agreed to calling on the President for United States marshals' reports relative to the elections in South Carolina and Louisiana.....The Senate then took up the bill amending the laws in regard to presidential elections, and Mr. Edmunds proceeded to explain its provisions and argue in favor of its adoption. Adjourned after an executive session.

Mr. Lamar introduced a bill to establish a department of public health.....A bill was passed authorizing the appointment of Dr. J. L. Powell, an ex-Confederate, as assistant surgeon in the army....Mr. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill for the exchange of subsidiary coin for trade dollars and proposing the coinage of the latter.....A resolution was adopted requesting the House to transmit a copy of James E. Anderson's testimony relating to Hon. Stanley Matthews. Mr. Kernan introduced a bill authorizing the issue of fractional silver registered bonds in place of those stolen from the Manhattan bank of New York.....The Senate then proceeded to consider Mr. Edmunds' presidential election bill. Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, advocated the measure, and Mr. Jones, of Florida, opposed it. Mr. Edmunds replied to the objections of the latter, after which the Senate went into executive session. Adjourned.

Among the bills presented was one by Mr. Beck, providing for the repeal of that section of the revised statutes which declares that no ex-Confederate shall be appointed to the army of the United States.....Messrs. Windom and Whyte were appointed the committee to attend the next annual examination of cadets at the West Point military academy.....Mr. Blaine proceeded to address the Senate upon his resolution of inquiry as to whether the constitutional rights of citizens had not been violated in the recent elections in any of the States. Upon the conclusion of Mr. Blaine's long speech Mr. Thurman took the floor and submitted an amendment to the resolution. The amendment calls for an inquiry whether any citizen of any State has been dismissed, or threatened with dismissal, or deprived of any rights or privileges by reason of his vote at the recent election; whether in 1878 money was raised by assessment or otherwise from Federal officeholders for election purposes, and to inquire into the action of United States supervisors of election in the several States. Mr. Thurman then replied to Mr. Blaine, and was followed by Mr. Lamar; Messrs. Edmunds and Blaine taking part in the debate. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

The fortification bill, as passed in the House, came up and was passed, with two amendments increasing the amount appropriated by $225,000.....The bill correcting an error made last year in the enrollment of the River and harbor appropriation bill was passed.....The bill authorizing the public printer to print and bind paper and documents for Senators and Representatives at cost, with ten per cent. added, was passed.....Mr. Burnside presented the report of the joint select committee on the reorganization of the army, accompanied by a bill, which was made the special order for Jan. 8.....The military academy appropriation bill, as passed by the House, was passed, with $5,700 added to the amount appropriated. Adjourned after an executive session.

House.

A large number of bills were introduced, among them being several in regard to silver dollars and subsidiary silver coins, and requiring national banking associations to receive the legal-tender coins on deposit.....Mr. Page, of California, introduced a measure to enforce the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, and to punish alleged terrorism and fraud in South Carolina. Among other things it provides that the State of South Carolina shall be entitled to two representatives in Congress on the basis of the whole number of white inhabitants, and Mr. Swift introduced a bill to secure a uniform standard of value.....Mr. Atkins made a personal explanation denying the published statements that he was concerned in the abstraction of the Hot Springs claims of the sundry civil bill....Mr. Reed asked leave to offer a resolution inquiring as to the condition of the treasury, but it was not received....Mr. Durham's motion to suspend the rules and pass the bill prohibiting any further coinage of trade dollars, and directing their exchange for and recoinage into standard silver dollars of 412½ grains, was defeated by—yeas, 154; nays, 91—not the necessary two-thirds majority....Mr. Fort moved to suspend the rules and adopt a resolution declaring that the legal-tender quality of silver dollars of 412½ grains shall be maintained and enforced, and that any discrimination against them by any national bank, in refusing to receive them on deposit at their par value, shall be held to be a defiance of the laws, and instructing the banking committee to report a bill for the withdrawal of the circulating notes of banks so offending. Defeated—yeas, 150; nays, 89—not having the necessary two-thirds in the affirmative. Adjourned.

The following members were announced by the speaker as composing the committee to inquire into the cause of the yellow fever epidemic: Messrs. Young, Gibson, Wood, Hardidge, Morse, Garfield, Harmer and Chittenden.....The consular and diplomatic appropriation bill was amended and passed. It appropriates $1,938,435. An amendment to increase the salaries of ministers to Great Britain, Germany and Russia from $15,000 each to $17,500 was rejected. The naval appropriation bill was then taken up, and, no amendment being offered, was also passed. It appropriates $14,018,469. Adjourned.

Mr. Wood offered a preamble and resolution charging Supervisor of Elections Davenport with illegal and oppressive acts at the election in New York on Nov. 5, and directing the judiciary committee to investigate the matter. After some debate the matter was postponed.....Several members addressed the House in advocacy of the Geneva Award bill.....The report of the army reorganization commission was made the special order for Jan. 9. The pension appropriation bill was considered and passed, after which the House adjourned.

A Leading Man.

Passing on to cell No. 4, Bijah brought out Burke Reynolds, who claimed to be leading man in the play of "The Vagrant." When the curtain first went up it revealed Burke in a barn on Woodbridge street, eating crusts of bread on the oat bin. In the second scene the proprietor of the barn entered upon the left, caught sight of Burke, and called out:

"Loafer, who art thou, and what doest thou here?"

"My lord, put a padlock on thy jaw!" was the tender response.

Exit lord in search of an officer, who entered the barn and found the leading man stacked away for the night under a lot of hay. The next scene opened on a knock down, and the curtain fell just as Burke was registering at the Central station.

"I